

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXIV.

JULY, 1926

NO. 7



THE FLAG THEY SAVED

Three of the Color Guard of the 18th Tennessee Regiment—Capt. Nat Gooch (left), Logue Nelson (center), W. L. McKay (right)—who survived the fatal charge of Breckinridge's Division on January 2, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn. (See page 245.)

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
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Mrs. Ora Knight Tiller, 522 West Central Avenue, Sierra Madre, Calif., wishes to secure the war record of three uncles, Horace Knight, Dr. Monroe Knight, and Fayette Knight, who lived near Alexandria, Tenn., in 1860, and

evidently served with the Tennessee troops. Dr. Monroe and Horace Knight were in the same company. Any surviving comrade or relative who can give any information on their war service will please write to Mrs. Tiller.

WANTED.

WANTED.—A copy of Chase's "Story of Stonewall Jackson." Roy B. Cook, Charleston, W. Va.

STAMPS.

Cash paid for stamps and envelopes, U. S. or Confederate issues, loose or collections. Look through your attic and papers. Write me. William Markert, P. O. Box 101, North End, Detroit, Mich.

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Last opportunity to secure a copy of my picture of Lee and his Lieutenant Generals. Only five hundred left. Will be sold, if all are purchased, at a great reduction. Single copies, one dollar.

Bust portraits, life size, in oil, of veterans at half price, from photograph or daguerreotype.

George B. Matthews, 1109 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

CONFEDERATE STAMPS.

WANTED.—CONFEDERATE STAMPS, also United States Stamps used before 1870. Collections purchased. Highest prices paid. George Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York.

J. M. Ashworth, of Pecos, Tex., Box 141, wishes to locate some comrade or friend who knew of his service in the Confederate army. He volunteered at Lunenburg Courthouse, Va., in 1864, serving with Company H, 46th Virginia Infantry, Henry Wise's Brigade. He was under Captain Averett.

Mrs. W. S. Faulkner, 1306 Sherman Street, Alameda, Calif., wants to hear from any survivors of Cobb's Georgia Legion who can give her information of six brothers, sons of Jeremiah Robinson Scott, of Powder Springs, Ga., their names as follows: John Anderson, William Winfield, Jr., James Samuel Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Newton Scott, also Milton Scott. Some, if not all, of these served in the Confederate army. She also wants a sketch of the 1st Confederate Infantry, also known as 1st Confederate Regiment, Georgia Volunteers, in which there was members from Powder Springs, Ga. Also asks for information on Byrd's Regiment, ninety-day troops, also known as the 4th Alabama Volunteer Militia. She thinks these men were from a section of Clarke County, Ala.

Confederate Veteran

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY. 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1926.

No. 7.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

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GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn. *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*
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GEN. H. M. WHARTON, Baltimore, Md. *Chaplain General*

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GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS—Dublin, Ga. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

UNITED STATES PENSIONERS.

The report of the operations of the Bureau of Pensions shows that 2,273 Civil War veterans answered last roll call during April, 1926. The names of 2,699 widows were removed from the pension roll during April by reason of death.—*National Tribune*.

THE WHITE CREED OF RESTRAINT.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

By bishop-generals, poet-priests unrolled,
From earth to sky, a wide and wondrous scroll,
The White Creed of Restraint.

On the plains of Pennsylvania,
By a great Confederate commander,
Was issued a decree for restraint in war
That every American force in after wars
Has been compelled, in a measure, to approach.
Even some of the foe do stay in later strife
Their hands from pillage, murder,
Since Lee's Chambersburg Order dominating
Is burned into their consciousness,
Permeates their being,
Their action doth command.

OFFICIAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

7219 ELM STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., May 21, 1926.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

1. Gen. M. D. Vance, in assuming command of the United Confederate Veterans, wishes to thank his comrades for the honor conferred upon him and to pledge to them his determination to prove worthy of the confidence they have placed in him.

2. Gen. Harry Rene Lee is hereby appointed Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Confederation, said appointment to take effect from this date. He is hereby directed to continue in full charge of the affairs and duties of the office and will be honored and respected accordingly.

3. Mrs. Winnie Booth Kernan is hereby appointed Assistant to the Adjutant General. She will continue in charge of the Headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans and will be responsible to the Adjutant General for the proper conduct of said headquarters.

M. D. VANCE, *General Commanding*.

HARRY RENE LEE,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

THE OLD SOUTH—EVER YOUNG.

BY DR. A. W. LITTLEFIELD, MIDDLEBORO, MASS.

Reborn, the Old South now, bright as the flash
 Of Lee's untarnished sword! Only dreams are dead.
 Commingled with the dust of golden hearts
 In many a bivouac, above the tomb
 Of memory's night, shine high and holy lamps
 Unchanged and glorious as the eternal stars!
 To wish the Old South back! It never waned!
 But, wafted down the years, it burgeons forth
 And flowers with rose and dear forget-me-nots,
 Sweeter than spikenard when, at Bethany,
 It gave the weary Master soft repose;
 Sweeter than myrrh when, o'er the desert's dust,
 The spiced winds from Arabia cometh.
 Why hide its "crumbling ruins with ivy green"?
 Eternal Spring doth deck its worth with bloom!
 Around our hearts we'll twine, till life is done,
 Its glorious memories, undimmed, unharmed,
 As never Prophet, guarding, kept untouched
 A golden treasure! "Good-by, Old South"?
 All hail, O Southland great! The passing years
 With visions real all sadd'ning dreams dispel!

[The above lines give expression to the feeling aroused by reading Dr. Knight's poem in the VETERAN for June, which is a tribute to the Old South as past and gone. "God forbid the thought," writes our 'Massachusetts Confederate,' "that the Old South is no more. Its principles, its courtesy, its chivalry still live, its untarnished honor, and all that has gone out into this republic to make more gentle, courteous, honorable, steadfast, and loyal the American people all over our beloved land!" And this sentiment is that of the VETERAN. The Old South is still with us.

THE NEGRO IN THE UNITED STATES

BY R. DE T. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

When we regard the condition of the negro in the United States as compared with that of his race in Africa, we are forced to the conclusion that he owes a debt of gratitude not to the New England abolitionists, but to the New England slave traders, who, purchasing him from his heathen parents, transferred him from a life of savagery to a land of civilization and Christianity. Through contact with and influence of the white race of the Southern States, he has been placed under the influence of, and absorbed in almost one generation, the civilized life toward which his forbears had made no attainment. So that with the advantages of a Christian environment, as illustrated in the lives of his white neighbors, he has reached an enlightenment to which, compared with the present condition of his race in his homeland, he could never have attained except through the tutelage of a race which had advanced to a far higher state of intellectual and spiritual development and in which this higher advancement was so firmly fixed that it could lift the lower to its own plane without the possibility of itself deteriorating. Thus the negro in America has the advantage of absorbing a development which his white neighbors acquired only after centuries of struggle. And he should be grateful to the Almighty that, through greed and injustice, he has been placed in his present environments. These conditions have resulted to his advantage and advancement to his present vastly improved condition.

It was the dream of the philanthropists of the South (notably Bishop Stephen Elliot, of Georgia) that the Almighty

had placed within their power the Christianization of Africa through the return of the negro after a thorough training in Christian thought and habit, and that it was the duty of the white people of America to see that this opportunity was taken advantage of. As the sentiment in the Southern States was growing more and more toward emancipation, this would have been gradually accomplished but for the meddling Abolitionists and the sudden and ill-advised emancipation and granting of full citizenship to the ignorant slaves. Virginia was ready for emancipation, the border States would soon have followed, and gradually one by one the other Southern States. South Carolina had a law that upon freeing a slave provision must be made for his return to Africa. What a splendid opportunity is offered to the better-educated negroes in the United States to show their sympathy and missionary spirit by settling in Africa and proving that their enlightenment can be imparted to others and is not dependent, as some think, upon constant contact with the white race!

THE NEGRO'S HUGE DEBT TO AMERICA.

The following from *Holland's Magazine* for June is along the same line, and both express the sentiment of the VETERAN:

"Behold the American negro—favored child of fortune! Look at his stalwart frame, the modern, well-equipped schools he attends, the Australian ballot he casts, the health service that comes to his door, the high wages he receives, and then picture, if you can, his cousins in Africa. After all, it is but a tiny step—as time is reckoned—back to the jungle; and yet sentimentalists, seeking outlet for artificial emotions, bemoan the treatment of the black man.

"Given freedom, independence, and left to himself in Africa, the negro has reverted to savagery.

"When did the white man spill his blood by the millions for the uplift of any other subject race?

"The British have conquered and crushed peoples of many colors. The French and Spanish and Italians and Turks have planted their heels firmly on the necks of weaker races.

"Whatever mistakes our own America has made in the Philippines, in Hawaii, and in Haiti, however cold has been our attitude at times toward the neighboring Mexicans, our contact with the American negro has been marked by extraordinary generosity. The white man has robbed, rotted, ruined, and restricted the noble red man, while giving well-nigh *carte blanche* to his ward of darker skin.

"The black man's destiny is in his own hands. The responsibility now devolves upon his broad shoulders in its entirety. He owes a large debt to civilization. Will he measure up?

"'All over the world,' observes Townsend Boyer, in *The Dearborn Independent*, 'are men who would thank their gods for the opportunity of the American negro.'"

To make sure of keeping the VETERAN coming to him, Comrade O. D. Marston, of Litwalton, Va., renews in advance and says that while he can't read with as much pleasure as formerly, owing to failing eyesight, he feels that he can't get along without the "Dear old VETERAN." "Long may it live," he adds, "as the exponent of truth and Southern history. I am eighty-two and a half years old, and believe that I am the only survivor of Company D, 3rd Virginia Cavalry, at least, I know of no other. My company was from Charles City County. Would like to hear from some survivor of the dear old company, if there is one."

THE GALLANT COLOR GUARD.

"February 9, 1863. CAMP 18TH TENNESSEE VOLS.

"Corporal W. L. McKay was unanimously chosen by Company I, 18th Tennessee, to be presented to the President for promotion for his superior gallantry on the battle field of Murfreesboro on the 2nd day of January, 1863.

(Signed) S. H. FREAS, *Commanding.*"

In this little extract from the diary of Lieut. George W. Dillon, of the 18th Tennessee, is told a story of gallantry and endurance that stands out in the annals of heroism of the Confederate soldier.

The picture on the front page of this number shows Comrade McKay in his late years with two other survivors of that heroic color guard who would not let their banner be trailed in the dust. All have now gone to join the gallant host on the other shore, but their memory will never part from the hearts of those who knew and loved them. In a little book of his reminiscences, Comrade McKay has given the story of his wounding and his experiences afterwards. He was at



WILLIAM L. M'KAY.

the home of one of his messmates near Murfreesboro, Tenn., when heavy cannonading was heard on the 26th of December, 1862, and just as he was going into breakfast that morning a message came for him to report to his command, as a battle was imminent. Without waiting to eat breakfast, he rode into Murfreesboro at a gallop and found his regiment at the front in line of battle. From then on to the 31st of December there was fighting of a kind, both artillery and infantry, but the real battle was on the 31st, of which he says:

"The fighting began early on the 31st, on our left wing, and the enemy were driven from every position and were almost in complete rout. About three P.M. we were ordered to double-quick to the left wing, which we did, crossing the river in water from knee to waist deep, then across an open cotton field under a heavy fire of artillery, with grape, canister, and bombshells wounding a number of our regiment. After crossing the field, we were halted in a cedar thicket, the original battle line of the Yankees, and found a great many wounded and dead Yankees. I carried water from a well to the wounded until about midnight. About two A.M. we were ordered back to our old position on the right wing, where we remained quietly except for an occasional bombardment from the enemy, which would force us to move about to keep out of range until the afternoon of the 2nd of January, when our division (Breckinridge's) was ordered to charge the enemy, who were massed on our right wing. We charged across an open field and were met by a large force of infantry, supported by about eighty pieces of artillery massed on the river bluff. After a short but bloody fight in the open field, the first line of the enemy broke and were followed to the river by our men with the rebel yell, when they were met

by the reserve force of the Yankees and forced to retreat with heavy loss.

"I was shot through the right thigh with a Minie ball soon after starting after the retreating enemy. I was the last of the color guards to fall. George Lowe, the color bearer, was in the act of falling, being shot through the body, when I caught hold of the flagstaff to prevent the fall of the flag, and received my first wound, and we fell together. Cap. Nat Gooch then took the flag (and has told me since that the color bearer and the color guard had all fallen so close together that he could have covered us all with the flag) and was soon shot down. Logue Nelson, of Murfreesboro, then took the flag and carried it safely through the battle.

"I remained helpless and partially unconscious until our command retreated. I saw the Yankees coming and attempted to get up, but could not. Our men moved up a battery of three guns and planted them just over where I lay. The fire from the guns was nearly hot enough to burn my face; the Yankee bullets rattled on the gun carriages like hail, and our men were forced to leave the guns, as they did not have horses enough left to take them away. After the battery was deserted, I, being between the lines, received my second wound from a bombshell fired by the Confederates, breaking my left arm and terribly bruising my body (from concussion, I was told by the surgeon). I received several other slight wounds on my legs while lying between the lines. I lay where I fell until about midnight and received *brutal* treatment from some of the Yankees. Yankee Gen. Jeff Davis's Division marched by and over me, and the commanders of companies would say as they passed me: 'Look out, men, here is a wounded man.' Some of them would step over me carefully, while others would give me a kick and call me a damned rebel, and I was covered with black spots from the bruises.

"About twelve or one o'clock, two Yankee boys who were searching the battle field for a friend came along. They seemed very sorry for me and determined to have me taken to the hospital. One of them would stay with me, holding my hand, while the other would hunt for an ambulance. It was some time before they could get one, as they were hauling off their own wounded first. They finally secured one and helped to lift me in it. I was taken to a hospital camp and laid out on the ground, they thinking I was too near dead to waste time on me. It was then raining. I lay all day Saturday in the rain without any attention being paid to me; when I would ask for water, they would say: 'You don't need water; we will take you to the graveyard after a while.' I did not suffer, however, as I could suck the water out of my coat sleeve as it rained on me. About dark on Saturday, finding that I would not die, I was picked up and laid in a tent out of the rain. During the night two wounded Confederates died in this tent, one of them having fallen across my legs, and lay there several hours.

"Sunday, about noon, I was moved to another tent, where I could have more room and attention. This tent was occupied by both Confederate and Yankee wounded. On Monday I was given breakfast, the first food offered me, and the first I had eaten since Friday.

"This Monday morning, the surgeons, eight in number, going the rounds of the camp examining the wounded, one of them examined me and decided to amputate my leg; my arm could be saved. I at first rebelled and said they should not, but finding that this would not do, I then begged them not to cut it off. This attracted the attention of the chief, a big Dutch surgeon, who came and examined me and said: 'Let him alone. If de damn Rebel wants to die, let him go.'

So they left me and examined a Florida soldier who was wounded almost exactly like myself through the thigh, but did not have the arm and body wounds. He made no objection to the amputation; they took him out, cut off his leg, and brought him back, and the next day he died. On my other side was a handsome young Yankee soldier shot through the calf of his leg, no bones broken. He seemed unable to stand the pain—just gave up and died. The surgeon said there was no reason for him to die; he just simply gave up. The man at my head (a Yankee) died. So three men nearest me died, and neither of them seemed to be wounded so badly as I was. The young surgeon in charge of the tent was a nice gentleman and very kind to me; paid me especial attention. He was from near Chicago, and gave me his address so I might write to him, but, unfortunately, I lost it.

"About the 7th or 8th, Casper Freas (a Union, or Yankee, sympathizer), the only man in his neighborhood who would venture inside the Yankee lines, came with Mrs. R. R. Clemmons in search of her husband, who was missing, and his wife hoped to find him in the hospital (he was never found); his two brothers, Hall and Tollie, were both killed on Friday. I was reported killed on the field, and Bob Dillon reported that he had turned me over and knew that I was dead; so Mr. Freas and Mrs. Clemmons were very much surprised to find me. Mr. Freas took a great interest in me; he procured a certificate from the surgeon that I was mortally wounded, and with this he got a pass to take me out of the lines.

"Elias Casper, Provost Marshal General, came and issued me a parole and gave me a good cursing, saying that a great many of my kind had been found behind rock fences and cedar bushes, bushwhacking, with paroles in their pockets. Mr. Freas came for me about the 10th (my memory is not clear as to dates during this time), with a spring wagon and feather bed. The young surgeon before mentioned gave me a pair of blankets, a bottle of whisky, some tea, coffee, and sugar; but as soon as the wagon was out of his sight the Yankee guards and camp loafers took from under my head the whisky, and the blankets from over me; the other things they did not find, as they were under the feather bed. Mr. Freas took me to his home, about ten miles from Murfreesboro, in Wilson County. His family consisted of a wife and six children, and his house had only one large room. I could not understand until afterwards why he would burden himself with a wounded man. He was a Union man and feared the Confederates would take his horses, but knew that if he had a wounded man in his house, they would not disturb him. He took especially good care of me and no doubt saved my life with his good nursing. When he got his affairs in shape so he could leave the country, he sent to Murfreesboro for a squad of men to be sent out to guard him to town. Capt. Faver Cason came with his company of cavalry and saw him safe to Murfreesboro, from where he went to Indiana. I have never heard from him since, but have tried repeatedly to do so.

"The night he left me proved to be the most horrible of all my trials. He sold all of his effects that he could not move to the negroes in the neighborhood, who had been notified of his intention to leave. The small bed that I was on had been sold to a big negro fellow who lived near, and he promised Mr. Freas that he would stay with me until morning (the family left about midnight). The wagons were not out of hearing before the negro began bringing in fence rails to make a fire by putting one end on the fire and the other out on the floor, as he did not take time to cut or break them. I begged him to desist, but he would not obey me; said he would make me

a good fire and then go home. He filled the fireplace with the rails and then left me. I had a fine fire for a time, but did not enjoy it, as I expected the house to burn and me with it, as I was perfectly helpless; fortunately, the rails were cedar and the fire died out before reaching the floor.

"The next morning, Mr. John M. Cason, hearing from the negroes that Mr. Freas had gone, came over early to see what had become of me. He found me very cold and despondent. He hurried back home and got some breakfast and bed clothing for me. He then notified Mr. M. W. Huddleston of my condition, who at once came with wagon and feather bed and took me to his house and nursed me until I was able to walk on crutches, some time during the early summer of 1863."

Mr. McKay remained in that neighborhood (Cainsville) for some months, on crutches a part of the time, and when he felt able he joined a company of cavalry under Capt. J. M. Phillips and tried to go with them. The effort of riding put him to bed again, and he realized there could be no more active service for him. So he got his parole renewed, that he might return home, and reached his grandfather's house on a Sunday morning early in 1864.

* * *

On the morning of Tuesday, May 18, 1926, in Nashville, Tenn., just as his comrades were preparing to leave for the reunion in Birmingham, the spirit of William L. McKay was wafted to that heavenly reunion with his comrades of the gray. He had passed into his eighty-fourth year, yet age was never associated with him, for his was ever that spirit which animated and cheered. After a life of suffering, of patient endurance, and faithfulness to duty, he has passed to the reward of the faithful.

Comrade McKay was an Alabamian by birth, but the family went from Madison County to Clarksville, Tenn., in his early life, and it was from there that he enlisted in Company I, 18th Tennessee Infantry, under Colonel Palmer, in July, 1861, at Camp Trousdale. He was in the battle of Fort Donelson and there became a prisoner. After being exchanged, he rejoined his regiment at Murfreesboro. He was one of the color guard of his regiment, and in the fierce charge made by Breckinridge at Stone River on January 2, 1863, he was shot down, a Minie ball shattering the bone of his right leg between the hip and knee. It was many months before he could use it again, and though the wound never healed, he could walk fairly well with the help of a stick, and he was grateful for its preservation. Through a long and active life, he patiently endured the suffering from that wound, never complaining, alway cheerful and hopeful, an example of fortitude seldom, if ever, equalled.

The extract from Lieutenant Dillon's diary was preserved by our comrade in his little book, but with it was this modest comment: "I inclined to think the compliment was paid me simply because I was the worst wounded man in the company that did not die. It seemed almost a miracle that I ever got up at all."

After the war, W. L. McKay found employment in various occupations, later on as deputy in the office of the county trustee, and then for many years a member of the Davidson county revenue commission. Of late years he had been special examiner on the Confederate Pension Board, which he held at the time of his death. He was ever held in the highest esteem by the people of Nashville and Davidson County, widely known for his outstanding character and faithfulness to duty.

Comrade McKay is survived by his wife, who was Miss Harriet Word, a son and a daughter. Three sons and a little daughter preceded him to the spirit world.

"THE ST. HELENA OF AMERICA."

Johnson's Island is situated in Sandusky Bay, a tributary of Lake Erie, about three miles from Sandusky, Ohio. In size it comprises a little more than two hundred acres, and in some places measures a full half mile in breadth. Geologists would characterize the topography as distinctly rolling, the hillocks reaching their summit at very near the exact center of the island as much as fifty feet in height.

At one time the island was heavily timbered. These groves and forests were inhabited by the San-dus-kees, a part of the Erie Tribe of Indians, and in some parts of the island one finds things much the same as they were in those days.

At the time when England settled her indemnities for the harm done by the Canadian tribes of Indians, this island was awarded to a Mrs. Ross in lieu of gold. Mrs. Ross lived in Connecticut at the time, and had no use for the property, so she sold it to the first buyer for the sum of \$15. This process continued for some years until 1814, when it became the property of a Mr. Bull. It remained in his family until 1852, when it was sold to Mr. Johnson and became known as Johnson's Island. The name has never been changed from that time.

At one time quite a colony resided on the island, but, owing to the inaccessible location, the residents moved to the mainland. It remained uninhabited until 1861, when it was commandeered by the United States government and used for the rest of the War between the States as a prison camp for officers of the Confederacy who were prisoners of war. There was no place more remote from the South than this desolate island, which was destined to become the *St. Helena of America*.

The first company of Southern prisoners reached the island in April, 1862, under guard of Company A, 128th Ohio Volunteers. So determined were the Federal forces that no prisoner should escape that a guard was assigned for each

prisoner at all times. Prisoners were kept in an inclosure perhaps a quarter of a mile inland. About this area stood a stockade eighteen feet in height, and on the top of this stockade was a platform where guards kept watch at all times. At each end of the platform a blockhouse served as a sentry house. Only one of these houses is still standing, the others having long since crumbled to decay. The blockhouses were built with extra strength. Within a very short distance was a parade ground, and a little way beyond this was Fort Hill, the jail itself.

At one time, there were 3,500 prisoners of war from the Southern States confined on this island, with adequate guard. While there was no epidemic existing at any time, many deaths occurred, as the number of dead buried there indicates. Six rows of headstones range inland behind the monument erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in 1910. No flowers or shrubs are there to beautify the place, nothing but the grass that has stood the ravages of time and what leaves fall in the autumn to cover the graves with a blanket of beautiful coloring.

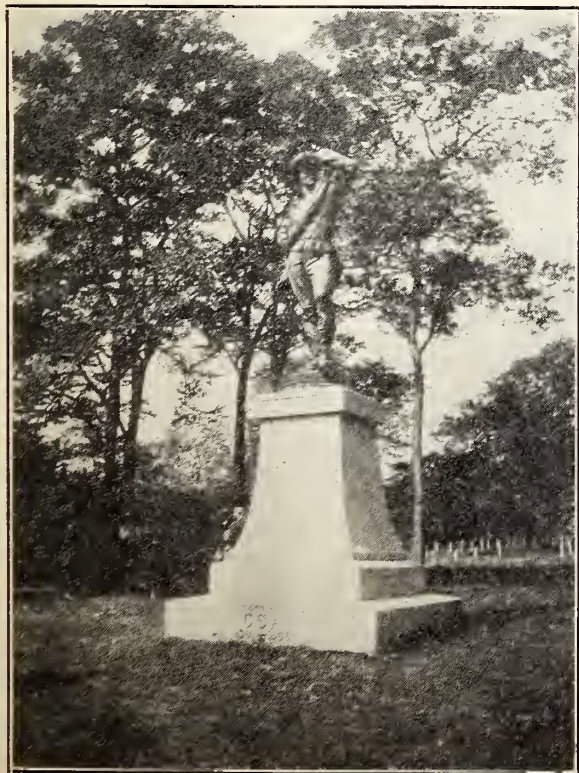
The monument, with the statue of a Southern soldier in bronze, in the uniform of the Confederacy, blanket rolled on shoulder, one hand at the brim of his cap at salute, the other clasp his gun, which in turn rests on the ground, is placed on a heavy granite base. This monument was erected by the Robert Patton Chapter, U. D. C., of Cincinnati (now extinct), "In Memory of the Southern Soldiers who died in the Federal Prison on this Island during the War between the States."

The bronze statue is the work of that famous sculptor of the South, Sir Moses Ezekiel, and was done in Rome, Italy, in 1906. The granite base was given by the Mississippi Grand Lodge of Masons "in remembrance of the Masons who sleep here, C. S. A., 1861-1865."

The original wooden markers placed at the graves in 1879 have been replaced by stone tablets. Some markers were too badly rotted to be decipherable, and there are many graves of the "Unknown Soldier." Many names seen on the headstones tell of old and revered families of the "Old South." It is not known if there is a complete roster of the dead buried there, unless it is in the very incomplete files of the War Department, U. S. A. In 1912 the care of Confederate cemeteries in the North was assumed by the United States Government. The appropriation for this is small, and very little is done except to keep the weeds from running wild over the graves.

The winds of the lake sigh through the old trees that act as grim sentinels keeping watch by day and night over the dead. No one cares it seems, weeks, months, yes, even years pass without one human soul to visit the dead buried there. It makes one pause and ponder, and ask this question, "What price glory?"—

The above description of Johnson's Island was a condition existing for many years, until May 30, the National Decoration Day, or, as the people of the Southland love to call it, "Memorial Day," when a simple memorial service was conducted under the auspices of the Rotary Club of Sandusky, Ohio. Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, President of the Ohio Division, U. D. C., writes of the memorial services in that lonely spot, saying: "Among the party was the President of the Rotary Club, Mr. A. A. Close, and committee; the head Scout Master and delegation of Boy Scouts; the commodore of the Sandusky Yacht Club, and committee of Sea Scouts (boys from sixteen to twenty years of age); and ten Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, of Cleveland; and a delegation of the American Legion from Marblehead, Ohio—in all about sixty persons.



THE SENTINEL ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

"A rowboat full of flowers—lilac, bridal wreath, snowballs, with a few tulips to add a bit of color—was sent over ahead of the boat we were on. When we arrived at the cemetery the Boy Scouts had decorated every one of the two hundred and six graves with an American flag and a bunch of flowers. It was my privilege to place "a wreath of bay leaves," tied with U. D. C. colors, the gift of the Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, of Cleveland, with two small flags, the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars, above it. It brought a deep sense of gratitude and happiness to know that the Confederate dead buried on Johnson's Island were *not forgotten*.

"The cemetery is situated more than a mile from the landing, and a rough road, no beaten path, is before you. On arriving at the cemetery, we found it in beautiful condition, the iron fence recently painted and the grass which covers the entire place had been mowed. It is a lovely spot for a last resting place, with the many 'old trees to stand as sentinels to guard our dead.' Each marble headstone is marked with the name, State, company, and regiment of the dead soldiers buried there where known, but many headstones, alas! are marked 'Unknown.'

"There was no regular speaker or arranged program, as had been planned, owing to a misunderstanding in the dates; nevertheless a visitor, Dr. W. A. Belt, of Kenton, Ohio, made a short, but very impressive, talk, after which all present said the Lord's Prayer.

"After this simple service, plans were made to form a committee of the heads of the various organizations represented to carry on the work for next year and the years to come. This was just the beginning of a bigger and better Memorial Day for the Confederate soldiers buried on Johnson's Island."

EVENTS LEADING TO LINCOLN'S SECOND ELECTION.

BY CORNELIUS B. HITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Lincoln's second election was largely committed to the War and Navy Departments of the Federal government, he having been nominated by the same radical Republican Party, practically, that nominated him at Chicago in 1860; and George B. McClellan was the nominee of the Democratic Party.

Lincoln made criticism of his administration treason triable by court-martial, and United States soldiers ruled at the polls. Gen. B. F. Butler's book gives full particulars of the large force with which he controlled completely the voters of New York City; and McClure's book, "Our Presidents," tells "how necessary the army vote was, and was secured"; and Ida Tarbell says: "It was declared that Lincoln had been guilty of all the abuses of a military dictatorship." R. M. Stribling's "From Gettysburg to Appomattox" gives undeniable proof of Lincoln's conspiracy with his generals to secure his reelection; and Holland's "Lincoln" says that "when Lincoln killed, by pocketing it, a bill for the reconstruction of the Union which Congress had just passed, Ben Wade, Winter Davis, and Greeley published in Greeley's *Tribune* (August 6) a bitter manifesto, 'charging the President, by preventing this bill from becoming a law, with purposely holding the electoral votes of the rebel States at the discretion of his personal ambition';" and Usher tells how "pretended representatives from Virginia, West Virginia, and Louisiana were seated in Congress;" and (August, 1864) Schouler says: "An address to the people by the opposition in Congress accused Lincoln of the creation of bogus States."

General Fremont, the preceding nominee of Lincoln's

party for the presidency, charged Lincoln with "incapacity, selfishness, disregard of personal rights, and liberty of the press;" also "with feebleness, want of principle, and managing the war for personal ends."

Rhodes's "History" says: "Senator Wilson (Massachusetts) opposed Lincoln for reelection; and the official vote showed McClellan fell short of Lincoln's vote by only 20%, notwithstanding the *unconstitutional* and *treasonable* methods pursued by the administration."

The New York *World* (June 19, 1864) called Lincoln "an ignorant, boorish, third-rate, backwoods lawyer," and reported that the spokesman of a delegation of a great religious organization, sent to carry resolutions to the President "publicly denounced him as disgracefully unfit for the high office."

Rhodes's "History" states: "R. Fuller, a prominent Baptist preacher, wrote Chase: 'I marked the President closely. . . . He is wholly inaccessible to Christian appeals, and his egotism will ever prevent his comprehending what patriotism means,'" and Lamon, his law partner, says: "Whenever he went to church at all, he went to mock and came away to mimic."

Gamaliel Bradford, in last September Harper's, states: "Thousands of pages have been written about Lincoln's religion; he still smiles, and remains impenetrable. Yet it is curious that, after all, the practical, everyday, unmystical wife should have given us, perhaps, what is the very best summary on this point: 'Mr. Lincoln had no faith and no hope, in the usual acceptation of those words. He never joined a Church; but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature. . . . But it was a kind of poetry in his nature; and he never was a technical Christian.'"

Lunt, of Boston, in "Origin of Late War," says: "The new President was a person of scarcely more than ordinary natural powers, with mind neither cultivated by education nor enlarged by experience in public affairs. He was thus incapable of any wide range of thought, or, in fact, of obtaining any broad grasp of general ideas. His thoughts ran in narrow channels. He was of inferior purpose," etc. In his Gettysburg speech, Lincoln quoted from Webster, of whose speeches he was a close student, when he said: "Government of the people, for the people, by the people."

General Don Piatt ("Reminiscences of Lincoln") denies the claim that Lincoln was of a kind or forgiving nature or of any gentle impulses; and that his insensibility to the ills of his fellow citizens and soldiers was extraordinary when the miseries of the war were at their worst; and, again, he is called the "Great Emancipator" in face of the letter he wrote Greeley saying: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it."

Holland's "Lincoln" says, as to the indecency of Lincoln's jokes and stories: "It is useless for Lincoln's biographers to ignore this habit; the whole West (he is writing in 1866), if not the whole country, is full of the stories; and there is no doubt at all that he indulged in them with the same freedom that he did those of a less objectionable character." And again: "Men who knew him throughout his professional and political life have said he was the foulest in his jokes and stories of any man in the country."

Lincoln's success was not won by the North, for a large part of its people were against Lincoln's policy of coercion. So, seeing voluntary enlistments ceasing, and the draft unpopular, by offering large bounties and other inducements, Lincoln secured recruits, as follows: 176,800 Germans, 144,200 Irish, 99,000 English and British-Americans, 74,000 other foreigners, 186,017 negroes, and from the border States 344,190, making a grand total of 1,151,660 men.

It is readily seen that without this great addition to Lincoln's Northern army he would have been "in bad," for, as it was, the North was almost on the point of "quitting" several times. If, for instance, General Lee had won an overwhelming victory at Gettysburg, as was certain had his orders to subordinates been promptly obeyed, peace soon would have followed, and the Confederacy established. Therefore, had Lincoln depended on Northern volunteers to extricate himself from the desperate toils in which he was involved by *his own willful and criminal* war policy, he would surely have lost out; for, in 1864, there was great reaction against him.

In view of the foregoing arraignment of Lincoln, based on irrefragable proof, why do not present-day eulogists read *reliable* history, even the histories of those who knew him and were capable of judging of his real character? By so doing they would know the man and readily perceive the great difference between the *real* Lincoln and the *myth* they have created.

It must be remembered, however, that the Black Republican Party did not want the "real" Lincoln, the "ignorant, boorish, backwoods, third-rate lawyer," and they conspired to have a *myth* before which they could bow the supple knee and worship; and so, with pen and ink in the hands of many subtle, scheming, and unscrupulous politicians, and others, the present Lincoln was brought forth and placed in a Grecian shrine on the banks of the Potomac.

Can any sensible, sane man be found who would venture the assertion that a man of high ideals would approve of John Brown's career in "bleeding Kansas" and at Harper's Ferry? Lincoln did, and denounced, too, Senator Douglas's resolution for the proper punishment of such interstate murderers as Brown and his gang.

Again: Would a man of high and Christian ideals allow the vile "Helper" book (100,000 copies) to be used as *free* campaign literature to secure his election; and Lincoln was never known to repudiate it.

Again: Would a man of high ideals, in Lincoln's position, have *secretly* waged war of *his own volition* (as now proved by War and Navy Departments in the D. C., when the Constitution, which he had only a few days before sworn to support, required of him as his *official duty* to consult Congress and get authority as to what to do in the premises?

But Lincoln *did not want* Congress to know his secret moves for war. He was afraid it would not sanction them; his intention being, first, to commit the government to his war policy, hoping and expecting it would then not oppose it; and we know Seward said that "Lincoln had a political cunning that was genius."

In an article in the VETERAN, October, 1924 ("On Force and Consent") Dr. Scrugham, said: "These being the facts in the case, it can readily be seen how incorrect it is to jump to the conclusion that Lincoln saved the Union, what Lincoln saved was the *Republican Party*. Very clearly the road to power is the road Lincoln took in calling for troops. To this day the Republicans are in power, still in Federal office as a result of Lincoln's course," etc.

Dr. Scrugham says further: "The United Daughters of the Confederacy have rendered a signal service to the perpetuation of government based on the consent of the governed by keeping alive the memory of the bravery of those who died that such a government might not perish from the Southern States. Their work will not be completed till they have convinced the world, after the manner of the Athenian Greeks, that the Greek memorial to Lincoln in Washington, D. C., is dedicated to the *wrong man*." Amen.

Finally, let it not be forgotten, that this principle of government by consent of the people was the *rock* on which our fathers of 1776 built the "new and more perfect" Union of States; and, later, was the *fundamental* principle of the Union of the Southern Confederacy; and, still later, was *reasserted* in the World War as the principle of "Self-Determination" with universal application and approval North, South, East and West; being the complete antithesis of Lincoln's *un-constitutional* war-cry: "Save the Union!"

HUNTER'S WAY.

BY COL. JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In a late number of the VETERAN some mention was made of Maj. Gen. David Hunter, of the Federal army, and I can add a few more items of his war career which will go to show that his idea of bringing this conflict to a successful finish was to "fight the devil with fire."

Early in 1862, General Hunter, on his own account, declared that all slaves in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida were "now and forever free," but as the President of the United States had ideas of his own on this subject, he proclaimed that he, Abraham Lincoln, had the entire right of emancipation, and that neither General Hunter nor any other person had the authority to free a single slave.

The General had been outlawed by our authorities (on account of negro soldiers), and as he wrote Admiral DuPont, of the U. S. Navy, that it had been a year since his execution (if caught) had been ordered, and that no protest had been made by his own government, it seems that to a certain extent his outlawry was acceptable to the United States. However, after being turned down by his own President, he thought he would take a shot at ours, and wrote a letter which seems to have caused no stir whatever, for if Mr. Davis received it, it is not in my records. This epistle was in a way unique, and I will quote it verbatim:

"Jefferson Davis, Richmond, Va.—The United States must protect all of its defenders, white, black, or yellow. Several negroes in the employ of the government have been murdered by your authorities and others sold into slavery. Every outrage of this kind in this department will be followed by the immediate execution of the rebel of highest rank in my possession. You have declared all those engaged in arming the negroes to fight for their country to be felons, and directed the immediate execution of all such as should be captured. I have given you long enough to reflect on your folly; I now give you notice that unless this order is immediately revoked, I will cause the execution of every rebel officer and every rebel slaveholder in my possession. The poor negro is fighting for liberty in its truest sense. You say you are fighting for the same cause. Yes, you are fighting for liberty, liberty to keep your millions of your fellow beings in ignorance and degradation; liberty to separate parents and children, husband and wife, brother and sister; liberty to steal the products of their labor, exacted with many a cruel lash and bitter tear; liberty to seduce their wives and daughters, and to sell your own children into bondage; liberty to kill these children with impunity, where the murder cannot be proved by one of pure white blood. This is the kind of liberty, liberty to do wrong, which Satan, chief of the fallen angels, was contending for when he was cast into hell."

His last proposal, however, capped the climax, as he asked Mr. Stanton to let him land at Brunswick, Ga., march through the heart of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi to New Orleans, arm all the negroes and burn everything belonging to

slave owners; and added that a passage of this description would create such a commotion among the negroes that they themselves *could be left to do the rest*, and furthermore stated that he was a firm believer in the maxim that slaveholders had no rights a negro was bound to respect.

And this was the man who was made a major general for *gallant and meritorious* service during the war.

[And Lincoln's own Emancipation Proclamation could have brought about such a condition had the slaves turned against their "white folks," which the gentle Lincoln thought was probable, as it was possible.—Ed.]

THE INVENTOR OF THE STEAMBOAT.

BY ROY BIRD COOK, IN WEST VIRGINIA REVIEW FOR JUNE, 1926.

The poets sing of the "West Virginia hills and the vales that lie between"; the historians write of how the men of Western Virginia marched with eyes to the east to rally under freedom's banner with Washington and the part taken in the "winning of the West." Yet how few stop to reflect on the influence of a West Virginian on the wheels of life and industry, whether that be in the upbuilding of the great commerce of the city of "Brotherly Love" in Pennsylvania, or in the reaping of a harvest from an island resting sleepily in the azure blue of the South Seas. For, gentle reader, the steamboat reaches out to the uttermost ends of the earth and has made all the world akin.

But such a transition! In 1911, thousands flocked to the shores of the great Ohio to see passing down the stream a strange craft—viewed through the eyes of our electrical age—a little steamboat. It was welcomed by the shrill siren of little launches and the great toneful whistles of giant tow-boats, bearing on to market tons and tons of black diamonds. The name it bore, New Orleans, and itself was a replica of another, launched by Nicholas Roosevelt just one hundred years before, a copy of the first steamboat that passed into the heart of an inland empire; and the original, launched at Pittsburgh in 1811, in turn was the fruition of the hopes and ideals typified in a curious little steam craft that swept into fame on the bosom of the Potomac, "just over the mountains," not many years before. To-day a model reposes in the Department of Archives and History of West Virginia, bearing small semblance to the giant liner of to-day, but when James Rumsey, at Shepherdstown, on the Potomac, made the first application of steam to the practical purpose of navigation, he introduced the method and the idea that revolutionized the world's commerce. To him, and to him alone, is due, therefore, the honor of being the inventor of the steamboat.

Who was Rumsey? He was a "crazy man who wanted to run his canoe with a teakettle" said an old Shenandoah citizen, "but the thing worked, the lid blew off, others peeped inside, and all then claimed they thought of it first." The title "Crazy" Rumsey stuck in the minds of many, as it stuck to the names of many other men of science, but few men have a more interesting history.

James Rumsey was born at Bohemian Manor, in Cecil County, Md., in 1743. His family continued to reside therein until after the census of 1790. Early educational advantages were very limited, but with a strong mind, memory, and a wonderful will power, he was soon widely known for his industry and mechanical ability. The Revolution came along, and he laid aside his other occupations and served some time in the military operations of that struggle for freedom.

The history of the Potomac Improvement Company cannot here be considered, but one of its active members was

Gen. George Washington, and its object was to improve the navigation of the Potomac River. In September, 1781, Rumsey was employed in this work, but energetic man that he was, he also opened a store at Bath, or Berkeley Springs, W. Va., and in addition managed to look after the operation of a boarding house at the same popular resort. Rumsey's interest in the use of the steam engine in operating a boat without question went back several years prior to this time. It is doubtful if he ever saw a steam engine, perhaps had little opportunity to even read about such a thing, and had, therefore, to construct the mechanism from his own ideas. But success at last crowned his efforts in the construction of an engine. Elated, he enlisted the assistance of his brother-in-law, Joseph Barns, a carpenter, who built a hull, and the engine, built by Rumsey and the town blacksmith was duly installed therein. It worked on the "atmospheric" principle; the method of propelling was, in a way, modeled on that system given by nature to certain mollusks, which consists of pumping in a stream of water and forcing it out at the rear with great velocity, and on a night in October, 1783, the new boat was taken to the mouth of Sir Johns Run, on the Potomac, not far from Berkeley Springs. The crew consisted of "Captain" Rumsey, Barns, and Nicholas Orrick, his mercantile partner. The results were very encouraging, even if a speed of four miles an hour against the current did not develop. George M. Beltzhoover, Jr., a careful observer, further records that the results caused Rumsey, in November of the same year, to file a petition with the General Assembly of Maryland asking for protection. What action, if any, was taken at that time is not related.

In the fall of 1784, that great exponent of Western waterways, Gen. George Washington, made a journey over into Western Pennsylvania. One of the first to realize the value of the great West of that day to the new-born nation, with that broad mind which scoffed at none and encouraged all, the efforts of Rumsey were of the greatest interest. Owning a lot in present Berkeley Springs, he made a contract with Rumsey to erect a house and barn thereon. The subject near to the heart of both men came up, and on September 6, Washington recorded in his diary:

"Remained at Bath all day and was showed the model of a boat constructed by the ingenious Mr. Rumsey for ascending rapid currents by mechanism; the principles of this were not only shown and fully exhibited to me, but to my very great satisfaction, exhibited in private under the injunction of secrecy, until he saw the effect of an application he was about to make to the Assembly of this State for a reward.

"The model, with its operation upon the water, which had been made to run pretty swift, not only convinced me of what I before thought next to, if not quite, impracticable, but that it might be turned to the greatest possible utility in inland navigation," etc.

Washington thought so much of the demonstration that he gave Rumsey a certificate on September 7, setting forth the facts. That there is no question to this, it may be set down that a copy is in the Washington papers in the Library of Congress, in his own handwriting.

Secrecy was essential to further work, or at least so appeared to Rumsey, as no protection existed then as now. In the session of the General Assembly of Maryland, which convened at Annapolis, Monday, November 1, 1784, he filed a petition asking for protection of his rights, reciting that for several years he had been "employed with unremitting attention" in perfecting the idea of "propelling boats on the water by power of steam" and had evolved in his experiments a "pipe boiler" of new design. The result of the pe-



MONUMENT TO JAMES RUMSEY, AT SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

tition was that on January 22, 1785, the Assembly passed an act which granted him the right for ten years of "making, constructing, selling, within this State, the said new-invented boats."

A similar petition was presented to the Assembly of Virginia, which resulted in the enactment of a like law in his home State (Acts, 1784, p. 57).

Late in November, 1784, Rumsey rode down to Richmond to look after his interests and here again met Washington, who urged him to greater labor. The result was that on March 10, 1785, he wrote Washington, "I have taken the greatest pains to perfect another kind of boat on the principles I mentioned to you in Richmond," and that he had "brought it to great perfection," and he was sure that such a boat could make at least sixty miles a day on the Ohio or Mississippi, which "I know will appear strange and improbable to many persons."

Then came the "big boat," the operation of which so astounded General Horatio Gates, that, in the presence of ladies, he yelled out: "My God, she moves!" Rumsey, as late as May, 1785, still found much of his time occupied by the work of the "Potomac Improvement Company," so he called into operation the talents of his kinsman, Barns, to build him a larger boat. The new hull was constructed at the mouth of Sir Johns Run, and, as completed, was about fifty feet long. In December, 1785, it was taken down the river to the mouth of the Shenandoah, where Rumsey was then employed, so that the machinery could be installed by him and under his supervision. Parts were made at Shepherdstown, some at Frederick and Antietam, Md.

Rumsey had in the meantime removed his home from Berkeley Springs to Shepherdstown; the Potomac at that point broadened out into a big sheet of smooth water, and he dreamed of the trial and christening to take place in front of his home and his neighbors. But his own labors and the moods of nature were destined to bring delay. Washington urged him to "hurry up" in a letter from Mount Vernon, on January 31, 1786. "Give it to the public as soon as it can be prepared," he wrote, "for the postponement creates distrust in the public mind," and "should a mechanical genius, therefore, hit upon your plan or something similar to it, I need not add that it would place you in an awkward situation and perhaps disconcert all your prospects concerning this useful discovery."

Washington's fears were not amiss. According to a letter written by Maj. Henry Bedinger, January 4, 1826, John Fitch, whose investigation into the subject followed Rumsey, "came to Shepherdstown under a borrowed name; his business was to find out Rumsey's plans. His anxiety to hear or see caused suspicion; he was seized, I think, on some pretext,

confessed his name and business, and I believe my influence with some others, saved him from corporal, though perhaps, arbitrary punishment." In March, 1786, the second boat received a trial spin in the Potomac, again under cover of darkness. Among the passengers were Charles Morrow, brother-in-law of Rumsey and brother of the noted Jeremiah Morrow, governor of Ohio, Dr. J. McMechin, and Francis Hamilton. The boat steamed up the river against the rapid current, but the boiler leaked, and it was decided to build a new one. By the fall of 1787, the new boiler was installed, and then the Potomac, in one of its merry moods, bore down a flood of debris which tore the new boat from its moorings, and the hopes of the inventor went "on the rocks," a total wreck.

Rumsey's work on the river improvement project continued to take up his time, and it was not until the fall of 1787 that the wrecked steamer was rebuilt, the machinery installed, and the people of the Shepherdstown region were advised that all who cared to witness the demonstration to be on the "levee" on December 3.

The day "was a beautiful one," recorded Hon. A. R. Boteiler, who received his information "first handed;" the cliffs along the Potomac River front of the "quaint old town" were lined with people. Among them were Capt. Abram Shepherd, Generals Darke and Gates, Rev. Robert Stubbs, head of one of West Virginia's first educational institutions, in fact, all the elite of this cultured community. A number of ladies were escorted on board to seats provided for them abaft the boiler, which, with the rest of the machinery, occupied the forward part of the boat." The boat moved out into the river, paused for a moment and then steamed upstream. "My God, she moves!" cried out General Gates, and Maj. Henry Bedinger, another member of the assembly, observed that "when she moved the destiny of the world too, moved that day." The boat continued upstream to a point opposite what was long called Swearingen's Spring, turned around and steamed down the river by the applauding crowd to a point below the present Norfolk and Western Railroad bridge, where to-day a tall shaft stands as a memorial to the first steamboat and the man who invented it. For two hours the exhibition continued, and a second one took place December 14, 1787. Many witnesses executed certificates showing that they saw the trials and that the "amazing speed of four miles an hour" was made against the current. It was great news for the newspapers of that day. The *Virginia Gazette and Winchester Advertiser* recorded on January 11, 1788, that "Mr. Rumsey's steamboat, with more than half her loading, and a number of people on board, made a progress of four miles in one hour against the current of the Potomac River, by the force of steam, without any external application whatsoever," and it further observed that if some pipes had not been frozen, "seven or eight miles in an hour" might have been made.

Flushed with success, Rumsey at once went to Philadelphia, where the interest in his boat resulted in the organization of the Rumseian Society, with no less a personage than Benjamin Franklin as president. On January 1, 1788, he published a pamphlet, entitled, "A Pæan," "or short treatise on the application of steam, whereby it is clearly shown from actual experiments that steam may be applied to propel boats or vessels of any burthen against rapid currents with great velocity." This, the first printed publication of a West Virginian, attracted great attention. The Philadelphia Society sent Rumsey to London in May, 1788, armed with letters

from men like Franklin, Patrick Henry, and other distinguished Americans. His subsequent career cannot be dwelt upon here, but in England he built a new steamboat about one hundred feet long and made a successful trip on the Thames in December, 1792. Here he met Robert Fulton, who launched the well-known Clermont in the Hudson in 1807. Rumsey's career came to an end with his sudden death on December 21, 1792, following an attack of a form of apoplexy during the course of an address the evening before at a session of the Society of Arts at London.

It is not possible here to discuss the connection of John Fitch with the history of the steamboat. His visit to Shepherdstown under mysterious circumstances has been recounted, and it must now suffice to show briefly that his ideas and plans followed those of Rumsey. On what evidence, the reader may inquire. And the answer is a pamphlet issued under the caption "The Original Steamboat Supported," etc., published in 1788, containing a statement by Fitch, the author: "I confess the thought of a steamboat first struck me by mere accident about the middle of April, 1785." A certificate therein by one John Ogilby supports the statement. It is also further corroborated by Charles Whittlesay, in his "Memoirs of John Fitch," who records that Fitch "conceived a plan to move a water craft in April, 1785." Reading on in the same biography, it is pointed out that the operation of the first steamboat "took place in secret near Shepherdstown, Va., during the fall of 1784. It was made by James Rumsey, a native of Maryland and a resident of Virginia, who had conceived the project in 1783." And it is of further interest to record that the legislature of New York decided that Rumsey was the first inventor, and so reported in connection with the granting of rights in the use thereof.

Thus ends the evidence, briefly presented, but none the less convincing, giving credit to the memory of Rumsey for what is due that memory. And it matters not how you travel, or where you travel, in some way you owe homage to the fruition of the idea of steam transportation by water. Should you perchance travel near the "door way" to the great Shenandoah Valley, with its wounds of civil war healed with "apple blossoms," turn to old "historic" Shepherdstown. See the home place of Rumsey, see the monument raised by the people of West Virginia in his honor; see before you, gleaming in the sun, the Potomac where once sailed a small vessel bearing a great idea. For it marked the opening of inland transportation on inland streams, and it marked the coming of the day when the "clippers" of the seven seas would fold their broad wings and silently pass into the pages of history.

ONE HOUR SAVED THE UNION.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLY, ALA.

By chance I picked up an old letter from a comrade in Texas, and its perusal again brought up the thought as to how near the events he mentioned came to changing the history of our country, by which there would have been established a new republic. But to my story.

It was at the Wilderness, and all that day of May 6, 1864, during that mighty contest when the hosts of Grant were in a death grapple with Hill and Longstreet on the Confederate right, Gordon's Brigade was held in reserve behind the lines on the left, and our general was begging his superiors to let him strike a decisive blow at the enemy's right, now entirely exposed. He had reconnoitered the position in person and had seen how easily it could be done, how he could with this single brigade utterly rout the whole army of the enemy now

doing his utmost to check the advance of Longstreet. Only a word was necessary from the commanding general to let loose the bolt that would sever Grant from his base on the other side of the Rapidan and double up his entire army in a wild rout of confusion greater than that suffered by Hooker near this very place a year before. Knowing the weakness of the enemy's position, in vain he continued to beg his superiors to let him strike the decisive blow that would make history; but still he was refused. I suppose their minds were too much engaged in the battle raging on the right to listen to any suggestion from a brigadier general, for his wonderful military talent at that time was not understood.

Hard pressed by Longstreet's veterans, Grant was throwing every available man into the contest to stem the Confederates on that part of the line, while his forces on the right, except his heavy line of skirmishers, were quiescent. Perhaps these would have remained in the same conditions also if it had been possible for them to do so, but less than a hundred yards in front of them was a thin line of select riflemen, every one a perfect marksman and loved his business. Those heavy squads of dark blue uniforms assembled at the base of the big oaks presented too fine a target for our skirmishers, and hardly a shot missed its mark. This bloody work so thinned their ranks that every hour during the day recruits were sent to take the places of the killed and wounded, while every man in our thin line could find a place of concealment in the heavy timber.

The fighting over this ground the previous day had left dead bodies, blankets, and other equipment everywhere. Hostilities died down at nightfall and our enemy, in the darkness, went to work diligently picking up these and everything that could stop the force of a bullet and piled them up with a little dirt thrown on top, so as to make excellent works to protect themselves the coming day. But they made a fatal mistake in doing this, for their line terminated at the edge of the woods, on the west of which was a field. Deep down through this field a ravine extended, affording a place for the Confederates, unobserved, to form their lines at a right angle with theirs. To this place some time in the afternoon General Gordon took with him General Early, major general commanding the division, and showed him his opportunity, but was refused permission to attack. Not satisfied, and chafing under restraint, he brought General Ewell to the same place and explained his plans, but he, too, refused. And now when the sun was just sinking in the west—but I will give Gordon's own words, taken from his personal reminiscences. He says:

"Both General Early and I were at Ewell's headquarters when, at about five-thirty in the afternoon, General Lee rode up and asked: 'Cannot something be done on this flank to relieve the pressure upon our right?' After listening for some time to the conference which followed this pointed inquiry, I felt it my duty to acquaint General Lee with the facts as to Sedgwick's exposed flank, and with the plan of battle which had been submitted and urged in the early hours of the morning and during the day. General Early again promptly and vigorously protested as he had previously done. He still steadfastly maintained that Burnside's corps was in the woods behind Sedgwick's right; that the movement was too hazardous and must result in disaster to us. With as much earnestness as was consistent with the position of junior officer, I recounted the facts to General Lee, and assured him that General Early was mistaken; that I had ridden for several miles in Sedgwick's rear, and that neither Burnside's corps nor any other Union troops were concealed in those woods. The details of the whole plan were laid before him. There

was no doubt with him as to its feasibility. His words were few, but his silence and grim looks while the reasons for that long delay were being given and his prompt order to me to move at once to the attack, revealed his thoughts almost as plainly as words could have done. Late as it was, he agreed in the opinion that we could bring havoc to as much of the Union line as we could reach before darkness should check us. It was near sunset, and too late to reap more than a pittance of the harvest which had so long been inviting the Confederate sickle."

Bending low, we entered this ravine and the whole brigade was formed in line in less time than it takes to write it. The skirmishers who had been doing such deadly work were shifted to this new position and formed a few feet in advance, with orders to move up the steep in front of us at 'double quick' when the signal should be given. The main line was not to open on the enemy until it overtook them. All orders were given in an undertone, and the preliminaries consumed but a few minutes. The men constituting the main line, knowing our advantage and feeling we were in position to sweep Grant's army off the face of the earth, hardly allowed the pickets to reach the summit and open on the enemy, when they brought their guns into position and a sheet of flame blazed along the whole line. The skirmishers fell flat on their faces and cried out to the men in rear to cease firing; but to this they gave no heed. The enemy, not apprehending this cyclone that had struck them so suddenly, had taken off their accouterments, stacked their arms, and kindled thousands of small fires behind the works, and were busy preparing their evening meal. This sudden assault created the greatest confusion among them, and many a frying pan and coffee pot was kicked over and lost in the excitement. The panic among them did not cease until the Confederates had driven them to Grant's headquarters at 10 P.M., where they stopped on account of the darkness. The Confederates had everything their own way from start to finish. It was like a picnic or driving the woods for game.

This drive was made by Gordon's Georgia Brigade and resulted in the capture of two general officers and five hundred men. Grant's right wing was now doubled up on his center, and his whole army was almost cut off from his base on the north side of the river. If we had only pushed on a little further, this would have been accomplished. What condition the rest of the army was in that night after their experience with Hill and Longstreet, I cannot say, but it is reasonable to suppose that they were in no shape to sustain a bold attack on their rear. One can imagine what such a disaster to Grant's army at this critical time would have produced on the minds of those at the North who were already heartily sick of the dreadful slaughter going on and when Lincoln and his cabinet could hardly keep the people in line to continue the struggle.

But why wasn't Gordon allowed to make this move earlier? It was after 6 P.M. when it was made, and it could have been launched at any time that day when Longstreet was making it so interesting for Grant. Gordon was by far the greatest military man at this time in Lee's army, but his talents were not understood until we had no men to fight. He was the most enterprising of them all and had the shrewdness to find the enemy's weakest points and strike them when and where they did not expect. Then he had the confidence of every man under him. They loved him so much that he could inspire the biggest coward among them to fight like a hero.

Although it is now more than sixty-two years since this great battle, my mind often reverts to it, and I remember many incidents connected with it, some of which might not

be without interest to the readers of the *VETERAN*, so I shall attempt to give briefly my own experience and observations in this affair—things which I saw and still remember.

My regiment, the 31st Georgia, was on the extreme right of the brigade, and my company was on the right of the regiment. When we struck the enemy's works, about half of the company was on the right of these, and the others on the left were in the rear of them. The enemy doubled up in great confusion and shot back down the line, making it especially hot for our company. To avoid this, the men swerved to the left out of the line of the enemy's fire. When our captain crossed the works, I followed him; but several men were shot down around me, and I decided it was like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, and returned. I was now alone on that side and in the midst of a shower of balls coming from the enemy's guns, only a few feet from me. But a friendly oak stood near and from it I was exchanging compliments with the enemy when our colonel, Clement A. Evans, came running to me and, speaking very abruptly in his excitement as if I were not doing my duty, ordered me to advance, saying he had instructed our captain to deploy our company from the captured works back to our old line. No one had heard any such orders, but I thought I must obey. Yet how could I? The enemy were only a few feet in front of me and firing a shower of balls. To do so meant death or capture. I, therefore, *advanced*, but at the same time bearing to the right. The enemy had now turned their attention to our men who were swinging in a long line around in their rear. I continued to advance without seeing anyone for quite a distance, but finally discovered a Confederate soldier belonging to Hays's Louisiana Brigade, of our division, standing behind a tree, firing in the direction of the Yankee breastworks. I approached him and told him not to shoot in that direction as we had men over there. That was true, but between us was the enemy. He did not believe me, so I told him I would show him. We struck out and were soon on the earthworks.

The woods were full of men without any order or discipline, and beyond was a long line firing and advancing, while the balls from their guns were cutting down the men around us. We now knew the situation, and that we were in the ranks of the enemy, but without their knowledge. Making our way among them to the front, we dashed for our own lines, taking the direction of the captured works. For a hundred yards or more, we touched the ground only occasionally until we came to a long line of Confederates sitting and lying about on the ground. We told them we had just made our escape from the enemy's lines and, after resting a few minutes, we pursued our way until we came to the field mentioned above. In this we saw quite a number of small fires. Around these were many men of our brigade and many prisoners, about five hundred. As soon as I reached the place, I was met by a comrade and former schoolmate, who was shouting over our victory. He pointed to one of the fires and said: "We (our company) have captured two Yankee generals and their fine horses. Yonder they are at that fire. They are General Seymour and General Shaler." My curiosity led me to go to where they were sitting. General Seymour was a very handsome gentleman, and was talking to the Confederates standing around as familiarly as if he was one of them. He spoke kindly and told them that he was a Democrat and that his uncle was governor of New York; and he said it was only a matter of time when we would have to quit fighting and return to our places in the Union. Shaler did not say a word the few minutes I was privileged to look on, but seemed to be mad enough to burst, whether at what Seymour had to say or at his ill luck of falling into our hands, I cannot say.

I had not been there more than five minutes when Col. Clement A. Evans rode up and, calling to me, said: "Form all the men of our brigade in line and take them into where the lines are." I said to my comrade that I didn't see how I could do that, as I didn't know where the brigade was. He told me he would show me, and I soon had them all in line and en route. Just before we reached them the enemy opened with a terrific fire, but we fell flat on our faces and none were hurt.

The next morning early the captain of the company sent me on some business back to the field mentioned, and I followed the line of captured works. I had a good chance to see it and the result of the fight of the previous day and night. Then it was that I saw the dead men, logs, blankets, etc., piled together which I have already mentioned. Returning, I came back on the other side of the works—the side facing ours. I followed the line occupied by the enemy pickets and saw the execution done by our sharpshooters. Lying at the base of trees, very often there were several blue-clad soldiers stiff in death, while the trees bore silent evidence of the accuracy of our men's aim. Nearly every shot that did not hit its mark cut the bark about the height of a man. The prisoners we took asked us what kind of men we had on the skirmish line and informed us that they had to send new men out every few minutes to take the places of those killed or wounded. Every one of our skirmishers holding that long thin line that day was a trained marksman, a veteran, and volunteer. Drawn up in line thirty or forty feet apart, they could, and did many times, hold a full line of the enemy in check while our brigade was operating elsewhere. The first commander for this battle line appointed by General Gordon was Captain Keller, of the 60th Georgia Regiment. The next, Captain Kaigler, and the last, Captain Carson.

But where are all these brave comrades now? Alas, I hope their souls are resting at peace where the noise of battle nor any other evil will ever disturb their repose.

I failed to say that our loss in killed and wounded in this affair was negligible, while that of the enemy was quite heavy, according to my observation the next morning. A Confederate soldier who was captured somewhere in the fighting that day told me after the war that he and others were held under guard at Grant's headquarters, and that when our bullets began to whiz around the place, they were hustled away to prevent their being recaptured by the Rebs.

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

DAVID W. YANDELL, M.D., L.L.D.

(From a tribute by his daughter, Mrs. Maria Yandell Roberts, in the *Kentucky Medical Journal*.)

David Wendel Yandell was born on the 4th day of September, 1826, at Craggy Bluff, his father's country home, six miles from Murfreesboro, Tenn., a spot whereon was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the War between the States.

The ancestors of the Yandell's came from England and settled in South Carolina. Whether they were of Capt. Christopher Newport's importation or not, but that they were chivalry of the chivalrous is well attested by the fine intellect, manly beauty, personal courage, and gentlemanly bearing of all who have held this honored name. For two generations in this country his family had been distinguished in medicine. His grandfather, Dr. Wilson Yandell, was one of the most noted physicians of his locality. His father was the eminent Dr. Lunsford Pitts Yandell, of blessed memory, a pioneer of medical education in the West, a professor in

Old Transylvania and one of the founders of the Medical Department of the University of Louisville. His mother was Susan Juliet Wendel, whose father, David Wendel, was a substantial merchant of Murfreesboro, a man of high standing and probity. In her were combined all nature's choicest gifts. With uncommon beauty of form and features were united rare intellectual endowments. To David descended the ancestral gifts in measure full and overflowing. In him was the culmination of the genius of the Yandell family.

When five years of age, his family moved to the heart of the blue grass region, "Classic Lexington." Doubtless it was here that Yandell laid the foundation for that fondness for horses, dogs, the hunt, and the chase which were to be the chief sources of his recreation during his long and laborious professional career. At the age of eleven, the family moved to Louisville, where David was placed under the care of the famous educator, Noble Butler. Later he attended several sessions at Center College, Danville, where he seems not to have been a methodical student, for he left the school without a diploma and entered upon the study of medicine, under his father's direction, in the University of Louisville. He graduated from this school in 1846. Like Goldsmith, Beethoven, Scott, and other great men, he is said not to have been a brilliant student. It was even hinted, by enemies of course, that he graduated in medicine only by "the grace of God and the good will of the faculty," and upon the further condition that he should go at once to Europe and make up for lost time. Be this as it may, the young fledgling in medicine loved science and thirsted for knowledge; and these qualities, reinforced by keen powers of observation, a marvelously retentive memory, a philosophic faculty for digesting and assimilating what he saw, heard, and read, enabled him to acquire a finished culture and an erudition in things medical and nonmedical of imposing breadth and depth. His sojourn in Europe lasted about two years. During this time, which was spent chiefly in London, Dublin, and Paris, he studied medicine, learned the French language, and acquired much of that knowledge of men, manners, and customs which made him the wonder of all who knew him in subsequent years. This period is marked by two series of letters. One was on the people and their institutions. It was contributed to the *Louisville Journal*, which was edited by George D. Prentice. The other was on medicine, and was published in the *Western Medical Journal*, edited by Drs. Drake, L. P. Yandell, and Colescott. In the first of this series, Dr. Yandell showed that a saying he was wont to quote in after years was not the maxim of a flippant tongue, but a real working formula: "I am a man, and think nothing foreign to me which pertains to humanity."

The letters show not only a knowledge of men, their arts and institutions, remarkable in a young man of twenty, but a command of language and a finished style seldom seen in one so young. The letters pertaining to his profession were written in 1847, during the second year of his pilgrimage. They are in the style of a master, full of facts, common sense, and philosophic comment. They are classics in medical literature. But the power and perspicacity of his style "grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength," until in later life his forceful diction and power of condensation, clearness, and brilliancy revealed the classic period of Sir Thomas Watson, or the glowing sentences of Macaulay.

His European sojourn ended, Yandell returned to Louisville and began in earnest the practice of his profession. Young, brilliant, incisive, with a charming presence and address and fine professional equipment, he was soon well upon the way to success. He was appointed demonstrator of

anatomy in his *Alma Mater*, and in this office acquired that intimate knowledge of the human body and that deftness of hand which in time made him *facile princeps* in surgery. In 1851, his health gave way and compelled him to relinquish, for a time, professional work. Buying a farm near Nashville, Tenn., he devoted two years to the pursuit of agriculture.

Retrieving health in his country retreat, Yandell came back to Louisville and entered upon his professional work with renewed vigor and a most phenomenal success. It was at this time that he established "The Stokes Dispensary," and thus became the founder of clinical teaching in the West. His practice grew to imposing proportions, and he soon made for himself a great name as a teacher of medicine. He was soon made professor of Clinical Medicine in the University. His work here was destined to be brief. War was upon the country, and the young doctor became a soldier, casting his lot with the Southern cause. He enlisted at Bowling Green under General Buckner, but was soon transferred to General Hardee's command, from which he was taken by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who made him Medical Director of the Department of the West. Dr. Yandell continued to fill the high office of Medical Director till the close of the war, serving successively on the staffs of Generals Beauregard, Hardee, Joseph E. Johnston, and Kirby Smith. He was in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga. He was always a soldier of soldiers, calm and brave in the face of danger, and unflinching to duty. His department was admitted to be one of the best ordered in the service.

At the close of the war, Dr. Yandell returned to Louisville, where he was welcomed alike by Unionists and Confederates. A meeting of the American Medical Association was appointed to take place in Cincinnati in 1865. Between the victorious Unionists and the conquered Confederates the feeling was intense and bitter, and the gap in friendship, already wide, was widening. Dr. Yandell took the initiative in "shaking hands over the bloody chasm" with his Northern brethren. In a noble, peace-making speech, wherein he nominated his great master, Dr. Gross, for the presidency, he carried the day for harmony, hatred was deposed, and brotherly love enthroned. Thus the medical profession was the first to substitute the white banner of peace for the blood-stained ensign of war. At this meeting, Dr. Yandell was elected one of the four vice presidents of the Association.

In 1867, Dr. Yandell was elected to the chair of the Science and Practice of Medicine in the University. In 1869, he was made professor of Clinical Surgery, a chair which he held till the close of his earthly career. As a teacher of clinical surgery, he probably had no superior in the world. Tall, Apollo-like in form, graceful, handsome, not self-conscious, with flowing chestnut locks, deep brown, penetrating eyes, a face lined by thought and so muscled as to express every gamut of emotion from smiles and tears to tempestuous passion, with a rich, sonorous, baritone voice modulated to every mood, and with gesture, pose, and action suited to the word, he was an orator of overwhelming power.

As a surgeon, Dr. Yandell was preëminent. In operating, he cut to the line and to the required depth with geometrical precision. His dressings were beautiful, while his treatment of wounds, surgical and accidental, was characterized by a scrupulous cleanliness which seemed nothing less than a prophecy of the since splendid triumphs of aseptic surgery. His gentleness, tenderness, and sympathy in dealing with the sick were proverbial all over the wide field of his great practice. He was a wit and, had he been so minded, might have entered this field of literature in successful rivalry with Douglas Jerrold, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Mark Twain,

and their like. He was a royal host. Whenever a dignitary was to be entertained by the city, Yandell always headed the committee of entertainment. His fame as a conversationalist was coextensive with the English-speaking profession.

In 1870, Dr. Yandell, in conjunction with Dr. Theophilus Parvin, established the *American Practitioner*, which at once took a commanding position in medical literature, and continued to influence medical opinion for sixteen years, when it was combined with the *Medical News*. As an editor he was conscientious and painstaking. He was a pungent and witty paragraphist. One of his own scientific papers, published in the second volume of the *Practitioner*, has become classic in medical literature. It is an analysis of four hundred and fifteen cases of tetanus. The work was done with the assistance of the late Dr. R. O. Cowling. The conclusions to which this analysis led have been quoted in nearly every great work in general surgery that has appeared since 1870. In 1871, Dr. Yandell was elected president of the American Medical Association, the highest honor that can be conferred upon a physician. He presided at the subsequent meeting with so much grace, dignity, and ability that the celebrated Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, publicly expressed the wish that he might be made president of the Association for life.

In 1870, Dr. Yandell again visited Europe, where he wrote another series of sprightly and instructive letters, which were published in his own journal of that year. His last visit to Europe was in 1880. In that year he was made Surgeon General of the State Guard. In 1889, he was elected president of the American Surgical Association. His address as retiring president of that body, at its meeting in Washington, in 1890, was on "Pioneer Surgery in Kentucky." It is exquisitely written, and recites the great deeds of Brashear, McDowell, and Dudley. Just about this time he was made a representative of the American Medical Association to the medical societies of Europe. He was also a fellow of the Medical Society of London, a member of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, showing how the European profession recognized his position in the medical world.

Hunting was his favorite pastime. He had hunted from Maine to Georgia, from the Yellowstone to the Rio Grande, from the bear grass to the Sacramento. Among the fellows of his field sports were found celebrities, home and foreign, of every calling and rank, from common life to royalty.

Dr. Yandell was a good fighter and a fair hater. He could give and take hard blows, but he loved with a great heart and with a constancy that knew no change. His reverent regard for his great master, Dr. Gross, attests this truth. This love began when Gross was a professor in the University, young, inexperienced, unknown to fame, and when Yandell was his student and assistant. The love was returned by the master in good measure, and when the master died, Dr. Yandell crystallized his memory in an epitaph, engraved on the tomb of Dr. Gross, which will live among epitaphs so long as our language shall last.

Dr. Gross and Dr. Yandell, master and pupil, "were lovely and pleasant in their lives," and let us hope that in death they are not divided; for of them it may be said with equal truth as to Saul and Jonathan, "they were swifter than eagles; they were stronger than lions."

It was not the beginning of the last decade of the century and Dr. Yandell was an old man. Though erect in body and sage and eloquent in conversation, he felt, and those who loved him could see, that the fiery splendor of his wonderful soul must ere long "fall into abatement and low price."

He seldom went out after night, was less attentive to practice, had less confidence in operating, and wrote but little,

He continued, however, to find solace in his books, bower, or fireside, and leaned more upon the bosom of his trusted household, where loving hearts and willing hands were ever ready to anticipate his every behest, to lighten the burden of accumulating years, and make smooth and beautiful the sunset of his devoted life. He died on the 2nd of May, 1898, at his home, which had been his own and his father's since 1848.

BARKSDALE'S MISSISSIPPI BRIGADE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS.

After the first Maryland campaign, the Army of Northern Virginia rested for a short time in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley.

About the 13th of November, we received orders to march, and hurried with all speed toward Rapidan Station. Burnside had moved from Warrenton, destined for Richmond. Then began a race between the two great armies, which ended at Fredericksburg.

McLaw's Division, composed of Kershaw's South Carolina, Semmes's Georgia, Cobb's Georgia, and Barksdale's Mississippi Brigades, was under Jackson at that time. It was not a question of whether we could reach Fredericksburg ahead of Burnside, we were obliged to do so. The weather was very severe. Before reaching the Rapidan, we crossed two rivers, the North Anna and South Anna, which formed a junction about a mile below where we crossed and became the Rapidan. Arriving at the North Anna, the men removed their shoes and trousers. We were told that the south fork was but a short distance ahead; therefore, all decided to carry shoes and pants under their arms until they had forded the South Anna.

The 18th Mississippi Regiment was leading. Soon after crossing the first river, the road wound around a hill, through

a skirt of woods. We entered a cut in the hill, and the road changed directions to the right.

Suddenly the head of the column came running back, the men in fits of laughter, and seeking places to hide. The colonel and his staff were left without followers. They rode back, and their faces were wreathed in smiles also.

Those of us who had not emerged from the cut had no idea what the cause of the trouble was, but soon the word was passed along: "Put on your breeches, quick."

Between the two rivers there is an elevated plateau, about fifteen acres in extent, which rises some ten feet above the surrounding surface. It was almost square. On the plateau stood a little village, the most picturesque place the writer remembers ever to have seen. Around the bluff of the little village there was a plank fence, along which the entire population stood waiting to see Jackson's "foot cavalry" pass. Therefore, when the head of the column came in view of the people, the soldiers fled in disorder.

We arrived at the Rapidan and crossed the river. I think it was the 15th of November, 1862. After reaching the south bank, the brigade halted in a scrubby woods and stood on the roadside while a brigade of cavalry passed. The Mississippians indulged in every species of exasperating criticism and declared there were no Yankees ahead, otherwise the cavalry would not be marching to the front. The men were in a laughing mood notwithstanding sleet was falling and the ground was covered with snow. After the troops had gone, we resumed the march. While watching the cavalry pass our clothing was freezing. It may seem strange how men endured the cold; but they did. The march was kept up almost constantly until we reached Fredericksburg, where Barksdale's Brigade went into camp along the edge of a woods, but was not allowed to build fires.

It was a desperate night. The ground was covered with snow and the trees with sleet. Very few of the men had



"WHERE RAPPAHANNOCK'S WATERS RAN DEEPLY CRIMSONED"—PANORAMA OF FREDERICKSBURG FROM THE LACEY HOUSE,
BY PERMISSION OF THE REVIEW OF

blankets, and they huddled together in piles to prevent freezing. We were told that if we built fires, the enemy would be able to estimate our numbers.

A few days after reaching Fredericksburg, Barksdale's Brigade moved into the city and picketed the river from a place called Falmouth to a point below, where Deep Run Creek emptied into the Rappahannock. The Federal army was camped on the opposite shore.

It has been said that "military history is the repository of inspirations and of genius, and also of excessive follies." It may be said also that it would be difficult for a commander to commit a blunder which cannot be matched by precedent." What General Burnside expected to accomplish by taking up position opposite Fredericksburg, we do not know, but certainly he did not anticipate such a result as followed. It may be that he expected to cross the river before the arrival of the Confederates, and doubtless could have done so under cover of his two hundred cannon when he first reached the scene, because the river was low and fordable, and there was but one division of General Lee's army there; but for some reason, he did not attempt it. About December 8, the river rose, and he decided to bridge it.

During this time our army was building earthworks around the hills and surrounding country. Burnside made demonstrations above and below the city which necessarily called to both points a part of General Lee's force. Burnside evidently expected to surprise General Lee at Fredericksburg and defeat him before A. P. Hill and Jackson could reach there, but he was unable to do so.

Fredericksburg is not a strategic point. On both sides of the Rappahannock there are hills which run parallel with the river. On the south side there is a valley from six hundred to fifteen hundred yards wide before the hills are reached; while on the north shore, the ridges are near the river, for two miles in each direction. It will, therefore, be understood that the Confederates could not prevent the crossing of Burnside's army under cover of two hundred guns, but what they could do, and did do, after he had crossed constitutes a bright page in the world's history.

As before stated, Barksdale's Brigade occupied the city and built rifle pits along the outskirts and along the river bank. Lieut. Col. John C. Fiser, of the 17th Mississippi, with his regiment, four companies of the 18th, and three from the 21st Regiments, occupied the immediate river front as a picket line, where he dug square holes, or wells, that completely obscured each soldier. It was the evident purpose of General Burnside to make his main crossing in front of the city. Maj. Gen. Lafayette McLaws, with his division, was assigned to that important position, and Barksdale was given the post of honor for the division.

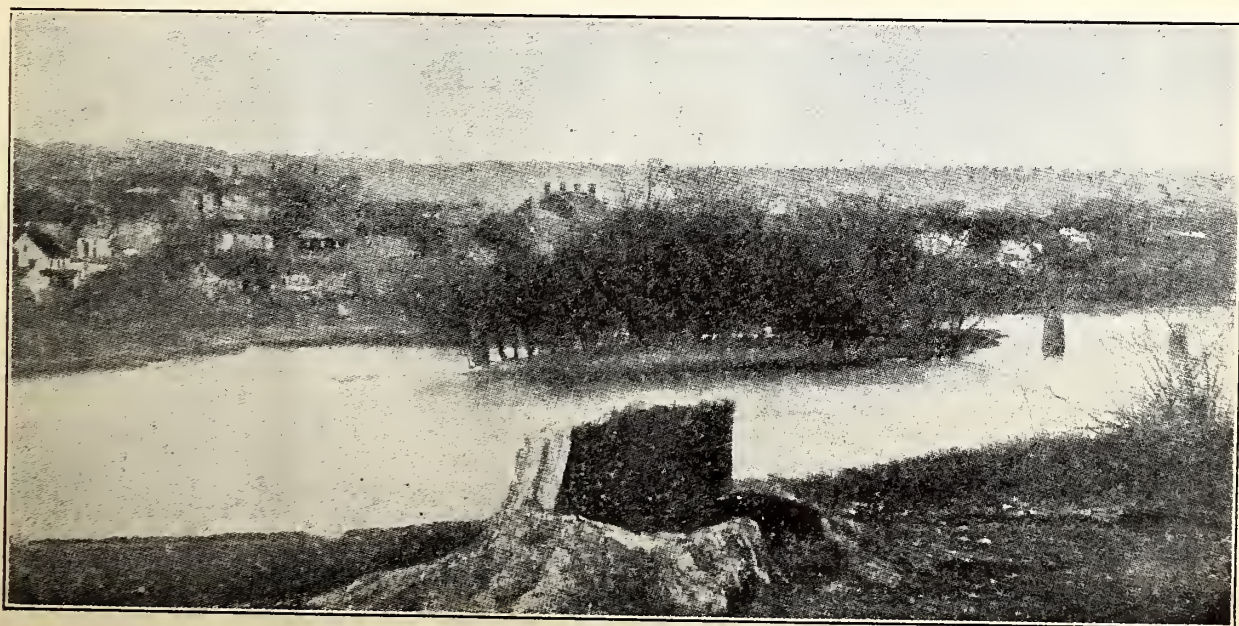
During the night of December 10, the enemy began to lay his pontoons. We could distinctly hear the noise of launching the boats and laying down the planks. The work was prosecuted with wonderful skill and energy, and by three A.M. of the 11th, we could hear them talking in undertones. General Barksdale directed us to remain quiet and offer no resistance until the bridge approached our shore.

About four o'clock, a battery, posted on the ridge back of the town, fired a few shots at the bridge, then the Mississippians poured a concentrated fire on it. The bridge was doubtless crowded with engineers and workmen, who suffered severely. The pickets immediately along the river, under the gallant Fiser, from their wells, or pits, maintained such a destructive fire that the enemy was compelled to abandon the work. Very soon, however, they returned and made repeated efforts to complete one bridge, but the fire of the Mississippi boys was too deadly, and the enemy abandoned the project.

When daylight dawned, a heavy fog hung over the scene, and the vision was obscured as much as it had been during the night.

About ten o'clock of the 11th, Burnside, annoyed because a few skirmishes were able to prevent the completion of his bridges, and, therefore, delay his passage of the river, ordered his chief of artillery to batter down the city. His purpose was to drive the Mississippians from their pits and hiding places.

Assuredly, General Burnside knew the wide distinction,



WHICH WAS FEDERAL HEADQUARTERS. ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE "PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR." USED BY REVIEWS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

which would follow his order. Two thousand women and children sat in their homes, exposed to that storm of iron. Looking back upon the event of 1864, years ago, it seems that the necessities did not warrant the destruction of that city, and I now regard it as a savage act, unworthy of civilized warfare. But Burnside concentrated two hundred cannon on the city. Suddenly, as it was unexpected, the flash of those guns, followed by the explosion, hurled at the same instant five thousand pounds of iron into the city. The shells exploded in and over the city, creating the greatest consternation among the people. The bombardment was kept up for an hour, and no tongue or pen can describe the dreadful scene. Thousands of tons of iron were hurled against the place, and nothing in war could exceed the horror of that hour.

The deafening roar of cannon and bursting shells, falling walls, and chimneys, brick and timbers flying through the air, houses on fire, the smoke adding to the already heavy fog, the bursting of flames through the housetops, made a scene which has rarely ever been equaled. It was appalling and indescribable, a condition which would paralyze the stoutest heart, and one from which not a man in Barksdale's Brigade had the slightest hope of escaping.

During that hail of iron and brick, I believe I can say that there was not a square yard in the city which was not struck by a missile of some kind. Under cover of the bombardment, Burnside undertook to renew his efforts to build the bridges, but the matchless men of Barksdale's Brigade, concealed in their pits along the river bank under the immortal Colonel Fiser, poured a volley first, and then a continuous fire on the workmen and forced back all those who survived their deadly aim. During this time the flames were bursting from every quarter in the city, and women and children were forced to flee from their cellars to escape death by fire, even at the risk of being stricken down by shells and brick.

The horror of the occasion was heightened by the veil of fog, which obscured objects fifty yards distant. About half an hour after the bombardment had ceased, the fog cleared away, leaving a picture which riveted every eye and sickened every heart. Mansions that for years had been the scene of a boundless hospitality and domestic comfort lay in ruins and smoldering ashes. Blackened walls and wrecked gardens were all that was left of numerous happy homes. The memory of those scenes will be hard to efface.

Defeated at every turn, the Federal commander abandoned his bridges for the time and began to cross in boats. He directed a destructive rifle fire against the Mississippians along the river bank and on those in the city. Colonel Fiser continued to dispute the passage, and many of the boats were forced to return to remove the dead and get others to take their places. After a large force had been landed above and below, Colonel Fiser was ordered to rejoin the brigade in the city. The enemy soon formed line and marched to drive the Mississippians from their rifle pits and cellars. They moved forward in splendid style and perfect alignment. Soon the second line followed, and then the third line. It was a splendid sight, which won the admiration of the Confederates. They may have thought that all the troops in the city had been killed, but, still, it was a fine display of a fine body of men.

The Mississippians watched them from their hiding places and awaited their near approach. Suddenly, when within about seventy-five yards of our line, a volley rang out from the rifle pits and cellars on the cold air which sounded like one big rifle, and hundreds fell dead in their tracks. The front line of the enemy, paralyzed and dismayed by the shock, fell back in confusion. In the meantime, the Mississippians were pouring shot into the ranks as they ran. It was a dreadful

slaughter which might have been considered a retaliation for the dreadful bombardment of two hours before.

Quickly the second line advanced, firing as they came, and was met by the deadly aim of the Confederates. The line halted in confusion, and the third line rushed to their support and charged headlong into the city. Many companies of Barksdale's men were concealed in cellars, where they remained after the enemy had passed, then, emerging, fired into the rear of the Federal line from behind corners of houses and stone walls. The Mississippians began to retire slowly, fighting as they retreated.

It was a grand sight which was witnessed by both armies. Hundreds of brave Federal officers and men fell before gaining the city. General McLaws ordered General Barksdale to fall back to our main line on the crest of the hills, which he did soon after dark. The fighting lasted until about that time. The brigade occupied a cut in the side of a hill until ten o'clock the following day, December 12. During the night of the 11th, the enemy crossed over two more divisions, and the crossing continued on the 12th. Barksdale had been engaged continuously for forty-eight hours and was ordered back for rest and food. We went into camp in a woods behind Marye's Heights, where we remained until the morning of the 13th. Gen. Thomas T. R. Cobb, with his brigade of Georgians, took position in the sunken road, or cut, at the foot of Marye's Hill in front of the city.

When the Mississippians, who had thus far stood the brunt of the attack, marched over the ridge to rest, carrying their rifles at a right shoulder, cheer after cheer rang out from the Confederate line. Little hope was entertained that any of them would escape that awful bombardment, and when they held their ground after the bombardment had ceased, driving back line after line of the enemy, the other troops were struck with amazement and wonder. They felt a pride in their comrades which they did not conceal.

When daylight dawned on the 12th, the city and valley were again veiled in fog. It was so dense no object could be distinguished fifty yards away, and that condition lasted until nearly midday. During the afternoon a heavy skirmishing was kept up, but nothing like a general engagement took place.

Saturday, the 13th, the country was again enveloped by a fog, which did not lift before ten o'clock. The whole country was covered with sleet and snow, and the men stood to their posts without fires, and with very scant clothing.

McLaws's Division was posted from the foot of Marye's Hill, where Cobb occupied the cut, extending toward the south, with Henshaw on his right and Barksdale on the right of Kershaw, while Paul J. Semmes was held in reserve. The Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, was posted behind the line on Marye's Hill, just in the rear of Cobb, while behind Kershaw and Barksdale two batteries of the Richmond Howitzers and the Rockbridge Battery were formed.

Soon after the fog had cleared away, Federal officers rode boldly out and examined the ground between the lines. They rode within a hundred yards of our line, but were not fired on. No one seemed disposed to kill such bold, brave fellows. Not long after they had retired, a strong line moved toward the right of Barksdale's Brigade, but was driven back by fire from the batteries behind us. Line after line of infantry stood along the valley, and we could distinctly see immense columns of troops on the opposite side of the river waiting to cross. We were in a woods, our rifle pits concealed by underbrush, which also obscured the artillery behind us. About eleven o'clock the enemy moved forward, and halted about two hundred yards from the cut where Cobb was concealed.

The line was dressed, and everything was ready for the

attack. It was a formidable column, out for a desperate encounter. Everything in readiness, they advanced about fifty yards when our artillery opened, throwing grape and shell into their ranks. The Georgians, resting their guns on the bank of the cut, fired a volley which almost destroyed the enemy's line. They fell back, leaving their dead and wounded. The color bearers who were not killed threw down their flags, and numbers of the men dropped their guns and fell outstretched on the ground. Quickly another line advanced and met the same disaster. A third line rushed forward and was driven back with equal slaughter. Charge followed charge, until night ended the conflict.

The enemy acted with great gallantry. They rushed at our works to meet defeat and death, but others took their places and suffered likewise.

During that dreadful engagement, General Cobb was seriously wounded, and died soon afterwards. General Cobb was a distinguished man in peace and would have won greater fame in war had he lived. Soon after he was wounded General McLaws observed the enemy massing his troops for a final effort, and ordered Kershaw to move his brigade into the cut with Cobb's men. Hardly had he done so when the enemy rushed at our line. Then it was that hundreds of them fell almost in the cut. When the last charge was made, the dead and wounded were lying so thick in our front that the enemy stumbled over them in their desperation. The enemy retired to the river and remained along the bank until the 15th, then recrossed the river, leaving 15,000 dead and wounded behind. The Confederate loss was about 5,000.

Looking back on the scenes of Fredericksburg, and remembering the conduct of General Barksdale and his men, we are forced to believe that the defense of the city was one of the greatest feats of the war, and the behavior of the men was never surpassed by any troops. Their courage and endurance challenge comparison with any soldiers in history. No one who did not participate in the defense of Fredericksburg can form an idea of the terrible scenes of destruction, and if hell be more dreadful than that bombardment, men had better halt and consider.

The battle of Fredericksburg was a great victory for General Lee, Burnside had 138,000 men equipped with the best guns in use, and with three hundred cannon. General Lee's army did not number over 68,000. Many people have asked why General Lee did not drive the enemy into the river after they had been defeated, and a few years after the war General Lee answered the question, explaining that the Federal guns on the hill would have destroyed his army. In New York last October a gentleman told me that fifty years hence there would be but four characters remembered in the War between the States—Lincoln and Davis, Lee and Grant. I told him there would be two others, Forrest and Jackson, but in that list, the name of Lee would be known for a thousand years. *Lee is immortal.*

SEEKING OLD COMRADES.—Gideon L. Roach, of Hondo, Los Angeles County, Calif., wants to know of any veterans now living of those soldiers of the Confederacy who went out from Rockingham County, N. C., and served with Company D, with Capt. John M. Galloway, Colonel Evans, Barringer's Brigade. "The day that we left Wentworth," he writes, "there were ninety-three private soldiers to answer to their names, all of them over twenty-one and under forty-five years of age; and when the last bugle sounded roll call, twelve miles east of Petersburg, there were only thirteen to respond. I am now in my eighty-sixth year."

NAVAL OPERATIONS AT CHARLESTON.

BY CAPT. JAMES H. TOMB, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

The Juno was a Clyde built steamer and could make over fifteen knots. She ran the blockade into Charleston, S. C., and was bought by the Confederate States Navy Department to bring in supplies for the service. Lieut. Phil Porcher, C. S. N., was placed in command, and I was instructed by the flag officer to see that the engine department was ready to go to sea at any moment, and I was to go out as her chief engineer. While awaiting orders to take on a cargo of cotton, we attached a spar to the bow, with a torpedo containing sixty-five pounds of powder, and lashed a cotton bale to the stern just above the water line, to act as a cushion if we struck one of the monitors. As we lay a short distance below Fort Sumter one night, on picket duty, and in a light fog, we were hailed from a large launch and told to surrender, and the next moment a shot from a twelve-pound howitzer passed over our bow. We headed for the launch, but under moderate speed, striking the launch so she came around on our port side just forward of the wheel, and they opened fire on us with small arms as they started to come over the rail. We returned the fire, the engine department assisting the deck crew. After the exchange of a few shots, the officer in command of the launch said, "We surrender," and, as he came over the rail, he held his sword in one hand and one of his boots in the other, no doubt getting ready to go overboard. Sullivan, one of my foremen, took the boot from him and would have taken the other also had I let him, but I made him return it. Boots at that time would cost in Charleston \$200, and were worth the saving. It was quite a bunch of them that we took aft, and, looking over the side of the ship, I saw the heads of more in the water. I called Lieutenant Porcher's attention to them, and he wanted to pick them up, but the pilot said if we did the ship would be lost on the shoal, as the heavy launch just forward of the wheel would not let the Juno turn up stream, and we could not stop. All these men except two were picked up by the other picket boats of the navy. The next morning, when taking the launch and prisoners to the flag ship, I was seated between the master and the coxswain of the captured launch, and the latter said, loud enough for us all to hear him: "This comes of putting us under an officer who gets us into trouble, but can't get us out." The officer said nothing.

Admiral Dahlgren, U. S. N., sent in a strong protest against our firing on men in the water, but Flag Officer Tucker gave a report that we did not fire on them in the water, etc.

While we were still in the harbor waiting for that cargo of cotton, General Beauregard requested the flag officer to send the torpedo boat David to North Edisto and attack the United States steamship Memphis, at anchor there. While attached to the Juno, I was also in command of the David. I reported for that duty, as the Juno would not be ready to sail before I got back. The David left Charleston under my command, with Pilots J. W. Cann and T. Acoste, and Fireman J. Lawless.

On the night of March 5, 1864, we got in sight of the Memphis, when one pump gave out and we had to return up the river to Church Flat; then on the night of the 6th, when in about the same position, the pump again gave out. We made fast to the marsh, repaired the pump, and proceeded on down the river, and about 12 o'clock we came up to the Memphis, swinging in the flood tide. We got under her quarter before they saw us, and they could not use their heavy guns, but gave us a hot fire from small arms. However, as I had placed steel plating over the upper portion of the hull, the shot did us

no harm. We struck the Memphis a good blow, some eight feet below the surface. The torpedo contained ninety-five pounds of rifle powder, but it failed to explode. We turned and came back at her, striking a glancing blow, and the torpedo again failed to explode. We headed up the river under a heavy fire of their heavy guns, but we were not struck.

When we got back to Charleston, we found that the *Juno* was ready to go to sea, and, as I had not reported, Chief Engineer Clark, of the *Chicora*, was sent to take my place. She passed out of Charleston harbor that night, but, striking a heavy sea, parted amidship and went to the bottom with all her crew except Pilot W. Buck and Engineer Dent, who were picked up from a portion of the bridge the next day.

As an example of the generous spirit of the people of Charleston, I requested permission of Flag Officer Tucker to take up a collection for the family of Chief Engineer Clark, who had placed his family in my care when he took my place on the *Juno*. I succeeded in raising \$5 in the fleet. When Capt. Theo Stony found out what I was doing, he took it up and in a few days gave me \$5,000 and a pass from President Ravenel, of the railroad, for all the family to Virginia. Can you wonder why every naval officer of that time was attached to Charleston?

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BOY CAVALRYMAN.

BY JOHN W. PEAKE, 6TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY, C. S. A.

My big brother, four years older than myself, rode off to join the cavalry then being formed of young men of Loudoun and Fauquier Counties, Va., under Capt. R. H. Dulany, while I was told that I was too young to go, and I can remember that I sat on a big stone in our yard and cried all day. Several times during the day I saw my father and grandfather in close conversation, and toward evening my father rode up leading the prettiest little roan mare that I ever saw. It had been decided that I could go, and the little mare was for me; so I left early the next morning to join my brother.

The cavalry was ordered to Ashland, Va., to drill. We left for Manassas during the fighting of the first battle there, but did not get in that fight. Shortly after arriving there a regiment was formed known as the 6th Virginia Cavalry. Our command was Company A, and was under Colonel Field, a West Pointer, and Lieut. Col. Julian Harrison, two fine officers. Our colonel, I thought, was a little strict on us, as we knew nothing of West Point discipline. But I, a boy of fifteen, weighing not quite one hundred pounds, well mounted and filling a man's place, was happy.

In the early spring of 1862 we evacuated Manassas, the cavalry bringing up the rear. We were poorly armed. I had a little pistol that would not stand cocked, but from practice I had become fairly accurate. At Warrenton Junction, Orange and Alexandria Railroad, we flushed a covey of Yankees, and I captured a new Colt's navy and threw my little crippled one away. I was the proudest boy in the army, and thought I was "the observed of all observers," and the army could not get along without me. The following morning, in dress parade, my pride was cut. Colonel Field noticed me and said to Captain Dulany: "Send that little boy home to his mother." I did not get over the hurt for a long time. Some of my old comrades never ceased to tease me about it.

We were soon at Gordonsville, Va. In April, 1862, Ewell's Brigade was ordered to join Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, and the 2nd and 6th Virginia Cavalry were ordered with it. Our Colonel Field had been promoted to general of infantry, Julian Harrison to colonel of our regiment,

and Stanhope Flournoy to lieutenant colonel. Colonel Harrison being sick, Flournoy was in command as we went down Luray Valley to Front Royal. Jackson had driven the Yankees across the Shenandoah River. So far, no blood had been drawn from our regiment. We were ordered across the river, using a bridge partly burned by the Yankees, and found them in full retreat. We were ordered to charge, and four companies, A, B, E, and K, dashed for them. At Cedarville, they halted in an orchard and fired into us, but we rode over them, capturing in all about 1,100 men. They said it was their 1st Maryland Regiment, but all whom I talked with were Germans. Their Colonel Kenly was wounded. Our companies suffered considerably, especially Company B, which charged up the pike. Their loss was twenty-eight killed and wounded, led by the gallant Grimsly. Our Company A had five men killed. Jackson rushed Banks across the Potomac and had a hurried retreat back up the Valley to save his army and five thousand provisions, as Fremont was trying to close in on him at Strasburg, our cavalry covering the retreat in the meantime. The 6th Regiment had been assigned to a brigade of that great man, Gen. Turner Ashby, a man from our county and all knew him. At Cross Keys, Fremont overtook us, but in a short time Ewell rounded him up. Our great loss there was the death of our beloved General Ashby.

Jackson moved to Port Republic, crossed the river, burned the bridge, met Shields in Luray Valley, and in a short time had him moving. Jackson left the cavalry in the Valley, went east, and Ashby's old brigade was commanded by Gen. B. H. Robertson—such a contrast! Shortly we came east and joined in the fight of Slaughter (Cedar) Mountains, and in a very short time the Yankees were north of the Rappahannock River. Our brigade was in Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's Division. Stuart was a famous raider. One night, the darkest and rainiest I ever experienced, he led us to Catlett's Station in the rear of Pope's army, and got the boasting general's headquarters' wagons, his uniform, etc. Soon after we returned, we struck out again far in the rear of Pope, went through Thoroughfare Gap of the Bull Run Mountains, and kept on until we arrived at Bristow on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad within five miles of Manassas and quite twenty-five miles in Pope's rear. His large railroad yards were holding us back. Looking back the route we had come, we could see a fog of dust for miles and we were sure it was Pope's army. Nearer and nearer it came! But we had no orders from Stuart to prepare to fight them, and when they were near enough to us, we all holloaed, "Why, it's Stonewall Jackson and his whole army!" His men had marched quite forty miles at that. It did not take long to get all of the stores of everything at Manassas. In the two days' fight near Manassas, Stuart's cavalry was in some engagement with the enemy nearly all of the time.

During the war I never thought our cavalry got the credit they deserved in the large battles. After leaving Manassas and going into Maryland, we engaged in the hardest fought battle of the war, known as the battle of Sharpsburg. Stuart's cavalry was scrimmaging with the enemy nearly all the time along the South Mountain to Booneboro. After leaving Maryland, we got back into the Valley of Virginia for a little rest. Stuart got a little restless and took two thousand of the best mounted men from his division, crossed the Potomac, went to Chambersburg, Pa., burned their army stores and got lots of things for our army—wagons, horses, etc. We traveled day and night, fighting the enemy wherever we met him. They sent a large force to cut us off on our return, supposing we would return the way we went, but we crossed the Potomac

at White's Ferry east of the Blue Ridge. Strange to say, we did not lose a man on the raid.

General Lee later moved his army east in the Fredericksburg section, leaving Ashby's old brigade, commanded by Robertson, to look after the Valley of Virginia. As winter opened in earnest, we went into quarters near Harrisonburg, Captain Dulany having been made colonel of the 7th Virginia in our brigade, Lieut. Bruce Gibson of our company was made captain. About January 1, 1863, our company was sent to Orkney Springs to picket and scout over North Mountain. No soldiers could have had a better time. The first of March we were ordered to join the regiment near Harrisonburg, and, to the delight of all, Gen. W. E. Jones was placed in command of our brigade—a soldier, every inch of him. A very short time after we joined our regiment, which was now commanded by Lieut. Col. John Shack Green, we were ordered to prepare for a long march. Jones's Brigade was composed of the 6th, 7th, 11th, and 12th Virginia, the First Maryland and White's Virginia Battalion, all in good shape. We struck out west; no one but General Jones knew where we were going. We had a little hitch in Greenland Gap in the mountain, where a hundred or so of Yankees were in an old church. The 7th Virginia charged by the church, and the Yankees fired on them and killed and wounded several of our men. They would not surrender until the Marylanders and White's men dismounted and went to the rear of the house, charged on it, and set it on fire; then they came out like rats to surrender.

We marched across the Allegheny Mountains, intending to destroy the railroad bridge over the Cheat River at Rowlesburg, but the enemy headed us off. We struck out for Fairmount and Morgantown. At the latter place, we blew up their oil works, emptying the oil into the Kanawha River, a beautiful sight when it was set on fire. We came back by the way of Clarksburg and Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs. On this long raid of forty days, we destroyed and brought back a million dollars worth of the enemy's property. We could get no papers on our trip, and at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs our pride was dashed with sorrow when we got the Richmond papers announcing the death of Stonewall Jackson.

We then went east of the Blue Ridge in Culpeper County, where we joined Stuart. On June 8, General Stuart reviewed his cavalry, about eight thousand. The review was witnessed by Gen. R. E. Lee and other generals. The next day was a memorable day to me—the cavalry battle of Brandy Station. After our grand parade of the 8th, the 6th Regiment was to picket the fords of the Rappahannock River, our Company A to picket Beverly's Ford. Palmer and I went on picket at twelve midnight, and at two o'clock we were relieved by Fleet and Bob James. Palmer and I went back to the reserve and were soon wrapped in slumber. About daylight we heard the pickets firing. By the time we had mounted, the James boys were near the reserves, with the section black with Yankees following them. In front of our reserve was a fence made of cedar brush; it was a help, and we held them for a few seconds, while Captain Gibson, with the remainder of the company, joined us. He was brave as a lion, saying: "Keep cool, men, and shoot to kill." In the meantime the Yankees had crossed at Kelly's Ford, ten miles below, and got in our rear by this time. Nearly all of our cavalry was engaged in our rear. On what is known as Flintwood Hill, the enemy placed three pieces of artillery. Jones's Brigade was ordered to take it, which we did. I must say they were the bravest cannoners that ever followed a gun. As we shot their men and horses down, they would fight us with their swabs, with

but few of them left. The fight continued all day. They brought up their infantry; we had none. Late in the evening we drove them back across the river. General Lee was on his move to Gettysburg. Stuart with his cavalry went through Fauquier to the Little River Turnpike, which is the Loudoun County line.

Hooker then occupied Aldie Gap in the Bull Run Mountains. I was detailed as courier for General Stuart. Hooker came through the Gap and attacked our cavalry, and we stubbornly fell back to Paris in the Blue Ridge Mountains. That night he retreated and Stuart again was watching him closely near Aldie. About the 25th of June, when we were only a few miles from Aldie, Stuart sent me with a dispatch to General Lee, saying: "You will find me near Berryville, west of the Blue Ridge." I knew then it was about a thirty-mile ride. I found General Lee near where Stuart told me, and I shall never forget it. That great chieftain was sitting on a camp stool. He got up. I dismounted and saluted and handed him Stuart's large envelope. Holding it in his hand, he said: "You have been riding your mare hard." I said: "Yes, General; I did not know how important it was." I then asked: "General, can I get a feed of corn for my horse?" Pointing to a plot, he said: "We have no corn for our horses; there is some good grass. Take your saddle off, lie down, and take a sleep. I want you to go back to General Stuart tonight." His words were like a father talking to his child. It is my belief that there was but one Man who ever came into this world greater than General Lee, and he died on the cross. It did me good to carry a dispatch from General Lee. I got back to General Stuart about midnight. Next day Stuart started his move around Meade's army, went by the way of Fairfax Courthouse, crossed the Potomac near Seneca, within fourteen miles of Washington, and joined General Lee on July 2. Our cavalry did our daily skirmishing at Fairfield. We had quite a fight. We soon crossed into Virginia and found ourselves presently in Culpeper County. In the late fall we went with Ewell's Corps to Bristow Station and tore up the railroad to Rappahannock Station. Our cavalry soon went into so-called winter quarters, picketing and scouting.

I was back with my company, and when the spring of 1864 put in its appearance, it found us below Fredericksburg and commanded by Maj. Cabell Flournoy. Our regiment, the 6th, was in a brigade with the 5th and 15th, commanded by Gen. L. L. Lomax. Grant crossed the Rappahannock on May 3, and we saddled up and began fighting daily until in June; the Wilderness was a continuous fighting. I was detailed courier for Stuart, and he was fighting Sheridan five to one. When we got to Yellow Tavern he had more than five to our one. Stuart was in the thickest of the fight and was mortally wounded. He was one of the greatest of men with cavalry. Gen. Wade Hampton succeeded Stuart, and we soon found him to be all we were looking for. At Cold Harbor he managed the cavalry so nicely that we knew we had the right man to lead us. Major Flournoy was killed there and a number of men from our 6th Regiment. The next place at which Hampton displayed his generalship was Travlers, where Sheridan must have had ten to our one, and we drove them back nicely.

Some Yankee papers we got hold of said we brought up the infantry, which caused them to retreat. We had no infantry. I was a courier for General Lomax at the time, and his brigade got on their right flank and dismounted, and they were forced to retreat. We followed them and soon found ourselves in the Petersburg section. In a very short time we were ordered out, about midnight, to go after Sheridan, who was moving in the direction of his previous raid. We marched

about thirty miles to cut him off, but his movements proved to be a feint to get part of his army away from Petersburg, as they expected that blowing up that mine would carry them through; but their plans were foiled. The cavalry moved toward Reams's Station. After a fight there, and a few days quiet, General Wilson, of the Yankee cavalry, thought he would make a raid in our rear on the Weldon Railroad, but our cavalry was equal to them. We cut off their retreat. We had only Fitz Lee's division; they had quite five to our one, but, in cutting their way out, we surrounded them in every direction, killing and capturing a large number, and getting their artillery, ordnance wagons, ambulances, etc. We stayed in that section a short time and were then ordered to the Valley of Virginia, where we fought up and down the Valley. At the Fisher's Hill fight we felt sure that Early would soon again be north of the Potomac, but alas! Later, Lomax was promoted to major general, and Gen. William H. Payne commanded our brigade and for the time we were scouting and fighting along the mountains. It was intensely cold. Men and horses were starving and freezing, and our cavalry was dwindling down to a corporal's guard.

The latter part of February we came east and joined General Lee on his retreat from Petersburg. We were fighting day and night, horses and men starving. No one could understand it, only those who were there. When we found that General Lee had surrendered, a number of our cavalry heard that General Rosser was in Lynchburg getting up a command to join General Johnston in North Carolina. We struck out for Lynchburg. When we got there we could hear almost anything. Fearing that the Yankees would soon be there, a few of us struck out for Fauquier. It was rumored that Johnston had surrendered. A few of us held a council of war and agreed to go to the Trans-Mississippi to join Gen. Kirby Smith. Being a soldier without an army, I went to my home to say good-by. Then my father thought it time for him to give an order, which he did in a kindly way. He said: "General Lee has surrendered, and it is rumored that Johnston has. The war is over. You go to the nearest paroling station and get your parole and come home." I obeyed orders, which wound up my four years of soldiering.

THE STONEMAN AND McCOOK RAID.

BY B. H. KING, FORT MEADE, FLA.

Never having seen in the VETERAN any account of the Stoneman and McCook raid of July, 1864, which came to grief by one of "Little Joe" Wheeler's master strokes, I should like to tell something about it. McCook and Stoneman were considered the best cavalry officers in the Union army, and they had a fine body of men, well armed and equipped.

The object of this raid was to liberate the Union prisoners at Andersonville, Ga., and play hell with their aid. At East Point, near Atlanta, the two generals divided their troops, taking two thousand each. The objective point was Andersonville, Stoneman taking the left and McCook the right. General Wheeler divided his command at Clinton, near Macon, and after a running fight of several days, captured Stoneman's entire command. McCook did better. At Newnan, Ga., he put up a stiff fight, lost the battle, and would have surrendered there, but Col. Jim Brownlow, of "Fighting Parson" Brownlow's Tennessee Federal Regiment, told McCook that his regiment would never give up, but would cut its way out. Then began the race for Philpot's Ferry on the Chattahoochee River, fifty-seven miles from Newnan. It was a long running fight, with rearguard action. One stand was made between Newnan and Philpot's to let the raiders gain

time. Then the race was on again, "devil take the hindmost." The race was made in seven hours to the ferry (history). The road soon showed signs of the chase, with exhausted horses beside the way and Yanks with white flags; but on we went. At the ferry the 4th Tennessee, under Colonel Brownlow, put up a stiff fight, but to no effect. Then Brownlow, with three hundred men, cut his way through and took out General McCook. The rest we drove into the river, a few getting across by swimming their horses, but many drowned or surrendered under the river banks.

In some correspondence with a member of the 4th Tennessee living at Knoxville, over a captured flag there, he puts the failure and disaster on General Stoneman. In any failure, some one must always be the goat. . . . I must pay tribute to Brownlow's 4th Tennessee, who were brave men and did all that soldiers could do.

Having thrust aside the Yankee cavalry, on the 10th of August, 1864, General Wheeler took his corps into Tennessee. In Sherman's rear on the Triune Pike we had trouble, and some of our brigade were in danger of capture or a rout. At Philpot's Ferry, our brigade commander, Gen. R. H. Anderson, was wounded, so that brave old Texan, Gen. Felix H. Robertson, took his command. On the pike rearguard action was getting troublesome on moving troops, our ammunition was about out, and something had to be done to avoid capture. General Robertson in person, with about fifty picked men, made a charge and struck the 2nd Kentucky (Federals) head on on the pike. Sixes at close range did the work in fine style, and the Yankees were driven back, their lieutenant colonel, a brave soldier, being killed. This got us free.

Just a few lines on our glorious reunion at Birmingham. I was there with General Robertson, who is one of the only two generals of the Confederacy now living, he the bravest of the brave, "the grandest Roman of them all." We talked our battles over. . . . We thank Birmingham for her royal treatment of us old rebs, also the pretty girls and fine women, all dear, sweet daughters of Dixie. . . . The war was over sixty-odd years ago, and the Blue and Gray are now brothers. No North, no South, no East or West, but one country, America! And none more loyal than Johnny Reb to the flag given to us by our forefathers.

LIEUT. COL. ROBERT DE TREVILLE.

BY R. DE T. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

Col. Robert de Treville was born in Beaufort District, S. C., a grandson of Jean de Treville, who, with ten other young Frenchmen, came over to America shortly after LaFayette did and offered their services to the colonial government, which was accepted on condition that they received no pay. And Jean de Treville was commissioned a lieutenant of artillery and served at Fort Pulaski on the Georgia coast. Col. Richard de Treville, the father of Robert, after graduation at West Point, became a lawyer of some prominence and was at one time lieutenant governor of South Carolina. His son graduated at the South Carolina College, and was preparing for the practice of law when the opening of the War between the States compelled him to enter the service of the Confederate States. He was appointed a major in one of the few regular regiments of the Confederacy and served in the forts around Charleston for the larger portion of the war. Sherman's march through South Carolina compelled the evacuation of Charleston, and the troops that had defended that city met with the few soldiers Gen. Johnston had at his command and contended at Averasboro, N. C., with the large, well-equipped army under General Sherman.

The first colonel of his regiment having been killed some time before in a duel with the lieutenant colonel, the latter became colonel and was in command of the regiment, with Major de Treville as lieutenant colonel. At the time of the battle, the colonel was absent, currently reported as having deserted, but afterwards claimed to have been captured while reconnoitering. Lieutenant Colonel de Treville led the regiment in the battle and was killed. His last words were: "What will become of my poor wife?" He had married Miss Eliza Glover, of Marietta, Ga., in 1861, and there were two children.

A month before the evacuation of Charleston, Major de Treville was challenged to fight a duel by the colonel of another regiment. He declined, giving three reasons for his refusal: First, that he had been recently confirmed a member of the Episcopal Church, and it was contrary to his vows to fight a duel. Secondly, that he had a wife and two children entirely dependent upon him; and, third, that as an enlisted soldier, his life was pledged to the service of his country. With the sentiment prevailing at the time, he was denounced as a coward, but after being killed in battle, his assailant published a card, deeply regretting his charges and declaring Colonel de Treville a braver man than he in declining to fight a duel on the grounds that he did and afterwards giving up his life in the service of his country.

I am proud to claim this brave man as a kinsman and to bear his name.

MEMORIES OF BATTLES.

Referring to the article by Capt. Cadwallader Jones, on page 208 in the June VETERAN, A. Rice Ellis, of Due West, S. C., expresses his appreciation of the article and thanks the writer for the vivid way in which he brings back to mind the incidents of memorable days of fighting. He says:

"I remember many battles of which I might speak, especially of Gaines's Mill, in which we lost more men than in any other. Among them were such men as Orderly Sergeant A. H. McGee; Lieut. B. M. Latimer; Dr. Frank Clinkscales, Livingston Grier, R. A. Gordon, George R. Richie, Enoch Pruitt, William Simpson, R. T. Cunningham, Poinsett Lindsay, Sam Fields, and W. R. Gassaway. There were nineteen killed and twenty-four wounded. I cannot remember all. Five of these were brought back at the same time, and three of them—Grier, Pruitt, and Lindsay—were buried at the same hour in the cemetery at Due West, while the others were placed in nearby burying grounds. My brother, Corporal M. M. Ellis, Sims's Company, now in his eighty-seventh year, was present at these funerals. He also witnessed the burning of Columbia.

"On one of the days of which Captain Jones speaks, September 30, 1864, I was in Company G, Orr's Rifles, McGowan's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, Jackson's "Foot Cavalry," A. N. V. This company was mustered in at Sandy Springs, S. C., on July 20, 1861, and I returned home in the early part of July, 1865.

"I was in the battle of Gettysburg on that memorable day of the charge, and was in the thickest of the fighting. I remember the wheat field. We left that night and marched all night in the rain, and by daybreak were at Falling Water, where we were thrown out on skirmish lines; and there I was wounded in the hip. By special exertion, and with the aid of two orderlies—bullets falling all around—I got to a little spring, where they laid me down, filled my canteen with water, and then ran off to a place of safety. I struggled up, got my knapsack, and took a slow trail after them to the

pontoon bridge nearest to us. Having seen and heard the pontoon bridge cut loose, I was always of the opinion that I was the last to get on. One thing I know: if we had been ten minutes later, we would never have made it. Captain Jones and I must have crossed together.

"One of the men who had left me came to my rescue here, and at last I got to my command. The next day I was sent to the Howard Grove Hospital, where gangrene set in and it was a long time before I could walk again. Our company numbered one hundred and forty-three, and I know of only two beside myself now living. I am now in my eighty-fifth year and in moderately good health; have been a subscriber to the VETERAN for twenty years. If there are any surviving of those who rode across with us that memorable day, I would like to hear from them."

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

BY J. W. LOKEY, BYARS, OKLA.

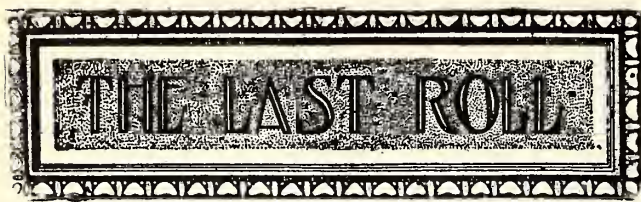
The following incident connected with the battle of Perryville, Ky., is given in the words of Gen. Leonidas Polk, as he related it to a foreign military officer then visiting him:

"Well, sir," said General Polk, "it was at the battle of Perryville, late in the evening, in fact, it was almost dark, when Liddell's Brigade came into action. Shortly after its arrival, I observed a body of men, whom I believed to be Confederates, standing at an angle to this brigade, and firing obliquely at the newly arrived troops. I said: 'Dear me, this is very sad, and must be stopped,' so I turned around, but could find none of my young men, who were absent on different messages; so I determined to go myself and settle the matter. Having cantered up to the colonel of the regiment which was firing, I asked, in angry tones, what he meant by shooting his own friends, and I desired him to cease doing so at once. He answered with surprise: 'I don't think there can be any mistake; I am sure they are the enemy.' 'Enemy,' I said; 'I have only just left them myself, Cease firing, sir? What is your name, sir?' 'My name is Colonel —, of the —Indiana; and pray, sir, who are you?' Then for the first time I saw, to my astonishment, that he was a Yankee, and I was in the rear of a regiment of Yankees.

"Well, I saw there was no hope but to brazen it out. My dark blouse, and the increasing obscurity befriended me, so I approached quite close to him and shook my fist in his face: saying: 'I'll soon show you who I am, sir. Cease firing, sir, at once.' I then turned my horse and cantered slowly down the line, shouting in an authoritative manner to the Yankees to cease firing; at the same time I experienced a disagreeable sensation like screwing up my back, and calculating how many bullets would be between my shoulders every moment. I was afraid to increase my pace until I got to a small copse, when I put the spurs in and galloped back to my men. I immediately went up to the nearest colonel, and said to him: 'Colonel, I have reconnoitered those fellows pretty closely, and I find there is no mistake who they are. You may get up and go at them.' And I assure you, sir, that the slaughter of that Indiana regiment was the greatest I have ever seen in the war."

[From Freemantle's "Three Months in the Southern States," page 166.]

FIRST OVERT ACT.—The first shot of the War between the States was fired by the Confederates upon the "Star of the West," carrying supplies to Fort Sumter, January 10, 1861.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"Let the South pause and drop a tear
Upon each old soldier's bier.
He did not falter at her call,
He lived for her—gave her his all.
Bid your balmy breezes blow
A requiem soft and low
From verdant vales or mountain dome—
A gallant soldier's going home."

JOSEPH H. LATIMER.

Joseph Henry Latimer was born September 5, 1839, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., in Rutherford County, the son of Thomas Latimer and Mary Nance, both of Sumner County, Tenn. His grandfather, Wetherill Latimer, and his great-grandfather, Col. Jonathan Latimer, were officers in the War of the Revolution, removing from Connecticut to Tennessee at the close of the war and settling at what was then Buchanan's Fort, now Nashville.

Joseph Latimer spent his early childhood near La Vergne, Tenn., and there he saw the first train run over the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, about 1848. In 1858 he entered the service of this road and continued in its employ for fifty-seven consecutive years. He retired from active service at the age of seventy-six and was honorably pensioned for life. At the outbreak of the War between the States, he tendered his resignation so as to enlist in the Southern army, but it was rejected, on the ground that he would be of more value to the cause of the Confederacy by remaining in the railroad service, hauling the Southern soldiers and supplies for the army. While aiding the Confederacy in this capacity he had the honor of being conductor of the train on which President Jefferson Davis and several members of his cabinet journeyed southward after the evacuation of Richmond.

In January, 1866, Comrade Latimer was married to Miss Adele C. Kittleband, in Newberry, S. C., and a son and two daughters were born of this union.

His second marriage was to Miss Nannie Nance, of Alamo, Tenn., in December, 1878, and of this marriage two daughters survive.

For over sixty years Joseph H. Latimer was a member of Cumberland Lodge, F. and A. M., at Nashville, the same Masonic Lodge of which Presidents Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk were members. At the age of thirty, he was confirmed in the Episcopal Church by Bishop Charles Todd Quintard, of Tennessee, and for many years served as vestryman of the Church of the Advent in Nashville. In 1885, he was appointed Traveling Passenger Agent of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad, and removed his family to Atlanta. During this time he was active in Church and civic affairs of that city. In 1900 he was transferred to Chattanooga, Tenn., and was in charge of the N., C. & St. L. ticket office there.

He was very active in the Railroad Y. M. C. A., was a member of the Order of Railway Conductors No. 160, and a Son of the American Revolution. He was a man of the highest character, a true gentleman of the "old school," lovable in disposition, and his friends were legion.

JOHN HART.

John Hart, a member of that rapidly diminishing band who served the Confederacy with gallantry and fidelity, had reached the venerable age of ninety-three years when, on October 24, 1925, he crossed over to join his comrades on the other side.

John Hart came to this country when about nineteen years of age, his only assets being youth, vigor, ambition, and a determination to make good, which carried him over every obstacle, and at the time of his death he was not only richly endowed in worldly goods, but he possessed that greater wealth, the esteem and respect of all those with whom he had been associated for three quarters of a century.

He was born April 23, 1832, in Germany, and came to America with Benjamin Kuppenheimer, two immigrant boys, the latter afterwards becoming the largest clothing manufacturer in the United States. John Hart was at one time the largest taxpayer in the city of Jackson, Miss., or the county of Hinds, but business did not monopolize his time and attention. He took great interest in civic matters, and served as trustee of the Hospital for the Insane and the Institute for the Blind, as well as a member of the board of trustees of the public schools, rendering valuable service in all these positions.

John Hart was patriotic and loyal. He proved his loyalty to the South by joining the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war and continued in the service until the end of hostilities. As a member of Company A, 6th Mississippi Infantry, he was in some of the hardest-fought battles of the war, and in after years materially assisted many of his old comrades in fighting the battles of peace. During the Spanish-American War he contributed liberally to the support of the nation, and when the World War came on, although it was war with his native country, he did not hesitate to assist in the struggle financially and otherwise.

In the death of John Hart the South and the nation lose one of the best and most loyal of citizens.

[From the *Clarion-Ledger*.]

MAJ. WILLIAM H. MILLER.

Maj. William Henry Miller, who died January 8, 1926, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. A. Hawse, at Baker, Hardy County, W. Va., was born at Edinburg, Va., July 13, 1833. He was graduated from Roanoke College, Salem, Va., when a young man, and prior to his death was the oldest living graduate of this institution. While a student in Hampden-Sydney College, in April, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army and was assigned to the 20th Virginia Infantry, commanded by Colonel Pegram. He served throughout the war and attained the rank of major.

At Lantz Mill, Va., on September 5, 1868, he was married to Miss Mattie W. Miller, whose death occurred in 1919.

After the war he continued his profession of teaching at or near Edinburg, Va., until the spring of 1880, when he received an appointment under the United States Civil Service, whereupon he resigned as principal of the Edinburg schools and took his family to Washington, D. C.

He was a loyal and consecrated Christian, a true and devoted husband, a tender and loving father, and a real friend to all, a citizen who exemplified the highest culture and the noblest type of Christian gentleman.

[E. A. H.]

CHARLES W. AND ISAAC N. VAN METER.

"In death they were not divided."

Charles Washington and Isaac Newton Van Meter, sons of Garrett and Elizabeth Van Meter, born at Old Fields, Hardy County, Va., January 6, 1842, died at Mansfield, Ill., on May 15, aged eighty-three years.

The Van Meters originally settled in New York in colonial days, but later went to Virginia and purchased large holdings of land. Possessing wealth and culture, they lived the life of plantation owners of that period, and during the War between the States their sons were soldiers of the Confederacy, and the four brothers of this immediate family fought through to the close. Charles Van Meter, with an older brother, Jacob, had gone to Illinois in 1857, where their father had bought a large tract of land and engaged some years before in farming on a large scale; but when the war came on, he lost no time getting back to his native State and joined a company in Moorefield, which later became the 11th Virginia Cavalry, under Gen. Turner Ashby. Isaac too had joined this command, the celebrated "Black Horse Cavalry," and the brothers had part in the varying fortunes of the command. Charles was taken prisoner at Boonesboro, and for ten months was in prison. After being exchanged, he returned to the army and the brothers were with General Lee at the surrender; Isaac was the survivor of his division. He was an intimate friend of Carter Lee, brother of General Lee.

These boys were of a family of twelve children—eight boys and four girls. After the war, with their widowed mother and surviving brothers and sisters, they went to Illinois, settling in Blue Ridge township, north of Mansfield, and engaged in farming on the large tract of land their father had bought in 1849, and there the rest of their lives were spent. In their youth they were converted and lived earnest, consistent Christian lives. Of nature kind and tender, their lives were peaceful and sweet, their manner and bearing that of gentlemen, and their passing was a loss in fine citizenship.

Of the four brothers Van Meter in the Confederate service—Solomon, Charles, Isaac, and William—the first named and the oldest, is the only one left, and he is now ninety-two years old.

J. J. MOORE.

J. J. Moore died at his home at Keytesville, Mo., and under the flag of the Confederacy he was laid to rest in the cemetery there. He had reached the age of eighty-six years.

Comrade Moore was born at Old Chariton, a thriving town that once existed in the southern part of the county, his father being the first white child born in that county.

Comrade Moore spent all his life in Chariton County, with the exception of the time he was in the army. He enlisted in the Confederate army under Gen. Sterling Price, at Lexington, in 1861, and fought in the battles of Lexington, Mo., and Pea Ridge, Ark., was then transferred east of the Mississippi River, where he took part in every engagement fought by the First Missouri Brigade. He was in the battle at Franklin, Tenn., generally considered the bloodiest battle of the war. At Vicksburg, he was blown up with the stronghold when Grant undermined the Southern forces, and his life was saved by a convenient brush pile on which he landed. He was wounded three times during the war, none of the wounds being serious.

Jim Moore was married twice, first to Miss Eliza Reynolds, in 1871, and she left one son. His second wife was Miss Eliza Wood, and six children were born to them.

He was held in high respect by the people of his community, and his passing was widely deplored.

JAMES WARD WOOD.

J. Ward Wood, whose death occurred at his home on Lost River, Hardy County, W. Va., January 7, 1926, was born in the home in which he died on December 26, 1845.

At the age of eighteen he entered the Confederate army and had two years of service as a member of Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Gen. Rosser's Brigade.

After the war, in 1865, he entered Washington College, Lexington, Va., the presidency of which General Lee had just accepted. In 1866, he and others under his leadership founded the Kappa Alpha Fraternity, which to-day has Chapters in most colleges. After leaving college, he spent four years in Missouri on a farm.

In 1885, Comrade Wood married Miss Annie Hutton and from that time on lived at the old homestead on Lost River, which has been in the family since the days of Lord Fairfax, the old parchment grants bearing the name of "G. Washington, surveyor."

He was one of Hardy County's most prominent citizens, filling county offices, and he also served three terms in the legislature.

In Church life, he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was also a Mason.

A good man, a good soldier, a useful and honored citizen has gone to his reward.

THOMAS W. STEWART.

Thomas Wyatt Stewart died at his home near Onward Station, Tenn., on April 16, 1926, aged eighty-two years. "Uncle Tom," as he was affectionately called, volunteered near the beginning of the War between the States, enlisting in Company I, 8th Tennessee Cavalry, serving under Generals Forrest and Dibrell. He went through the war and was in many of the most important battles, such as Chickamauga, Franklin, etc. He was with his command in South Carolina when the war closed, and with a few other worn and battle-scarred soldiers, rode back home, not surrendering.

On his return to desolation of what was called home by the returning soldiers, he took up his civil duties with the same fortitude and zeal manifested as a soldier. On October 31, 1866, he was married to Miss Miranda Anderson, and to this union were born eight children, six surviving him. His wife died when his youngest child was just a year old, and he battled on alone and by rugged toil and strict honesty acquired a good home and its comforts for his loved ones, acting as both father and mother to his children. Their devotion to him in return was noticeably beautiful. It was their greatest pleasure to minister to his every need, calling him by all endearing names possible. He was their idol, their all, by reason of his devotion to them. He liked so well to tell of his soldier days, relating many interesting incidents and narrow escapes from death. Among his keepsakes is a little Testament, worn and brown with the passing years, that he carried throughout the war. He was a regular reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and made it a point to attend most all local, as well as general, reunions of the veterans of the Confederacy. Last year he went to Dallas to be with them, not dreaming it would be his last.

Comrade Stewart was a member of I. O. O. F., a Baptist by faith, and was always ready to lend a helping hand in time of need, never telling the world of his gifts. His community was in grief with the passing of this noble old soldier, citizen, father, and friend, whom Providence so kindly spared so long and whose devotion to his children, to his God, his country, and his fellow man will be cherished by all who knew him, and will be a rich legacy of inspiration to coming generations.

[L. E. McCluskey, Hartsville, Tenn.]

ISAAC BARTON ULMER.

Isaac B. Ulmer, born January 7, 1842, in Dallas County, Ala., died November 22, 1925, at Demopolis, Ala. He was the son of Isaac Barton and Abby J. Ulmer, of North Carolina, and was reared in a home of refinement and culture, and prepared for college by Professor Tutwiler, of Alabama, a noted teacher and distinguished scholar throughout the South in his day and generation.

He entered Oglethorpe College, Ga., and was in the senior class when war came in 1861. He promptly left college to join a cavalry company being organized in his home county in Alabama, which company was equipped by Col. Samuel Ruffin and served during the entire war under the name of the "Ruffin Dragoons." This company served as escort and bodyguard for Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston when he fell at Shiloh. It was then assigned to Gen. Joseph Wheeler and served as escort to him in many battles and skirmishes through Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina, and surrendered with him in North Carolina. There is now only one survivor of the Ruffin Dragoons, Robert M. Hearin.

Barton Ulmer was never wounded, but had many narrow escapes when carrying messages and dispatches on hard-fought battle fields. At one time he had his horse shot through the neck, but the noble animal carried his master off the field unhurt before yielding up his own life.

A few years after the war, Comrade Ulmer married Mrs. E. K. Denson, daughter of Dr. Du Brutz, of Pushmataha, Choctaw County, Ala. They removed to Hale County and later to Demopolis, where he died. Nine children were born to them, and he is survived by his wife, five sons, and two daughters. Two brothers and a sister also survive him, besides a goodly number of grandchildren.

He was a sincere Christian and efficient Church worker, many years a member of the vestry of Trinity Episcopal Church, and in the full confidence of his family, his old comrades and friends, he has gone to his reward.

As a citizen, he was rated among the best. As friend he was loyal and true. As a soldier, he was brave among the bravest. Trained by a cultivated mother of exceptional education and character, educated by the best scholar and teacher of his day in Alabama, he easily entered college in Georgia, and was, in fact, among the best-educated men of the Old South, well fitted for all the duties of a cavalryman under those great soldiers, Albert Sidney Johnston and Joseph Wheeler.

[From memorial compiled by Camp Archibald Gracie, U. C. V., of Demopolis, Ala.]

JOHN WITHROM.

John Withrom, known to his comrades and friends as "Jack," answered to the last roll call at his home in Lexington, Va., in the early morning of May 16, his spirit passing as he slept. Owing to failing health, he had led a quiet, retired life for several years. He was one of Lexington's oldest native-born residents and was in his eighty-first year.

Jack Withrom was a son of Andrew Finley Withrom and Margaret M. McNutt, both of well-known Rockbridge families. He was born in Lexington, December 23, 1845, and spent his entire life in that community with the exception of the years during and immediately after the War between the States.

Enlisting for the Confederacy in December, 1863, at Frederick Hall, Va., he served with the 1st Rockbridge Battery, 1st Virginia Battery of Artillery, 2nd Corps, and took part in the Wilderness campaign, the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, the skirmishes on the north side of the

James River around Richmond, the fight at Cumberland Church, etc., and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.

In June, 1871, at Brownsburg, Va., he married Miss Alice Johnson, daughter of Mortimer H. Johnson, and soon afterwards returned to Lexington, where he was for many years engaged in the mercantile business. His kindness and gentle courtesy endeared him alike to family and friends.

Funeral services were conducted at his home in Lexington, with many comrades and other friends present to pay their last tribute. On his casket was the Confederate flag sent by the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, U. D. C., and many floral emblems made beautiful his last resting place in the Lexington cemetery.

He is survived by two daughters, also a sister.

CHARLES MARTIN ROUSH.

The brief sketch of Charles M. Roush appearing in the VETERAN for May has brought the following additional data on his life as properly due this gallant comrade:

Charles Martin Roush was born at Martinsburg, Berkeley County, Va. (now West Virginia), on December 8, 1838, and died on March 15, 1926, at the age of eighty-seven. He was one of the most prominent and widely known men of the county. When the War between the States came on, he enlisted in Company B, 1st Virginia Cavalry, under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and was in many battles under this gallant commander. He was twice wounded—at Berryville, Va., and again at the Wilderness. He took part in the battles of Antietam, the Wilderness, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and others. At the close of the war, he returned home and engaged in farming. In 1874, he was married to Miss Virginia Seibert, of one of the most prominent families of Berkeley County; his wife survives him, with three sons and a daughter.

From the time of his marriage, Comrade Roush resided at his beautiful home, "Commanding View," near Martinsburg; and by a strange coincidence, he was buried on the fifty-second anniversary of his marriage, and from this home of his married life.

Comrade Roush was a brave soldier, a man of strict integrity, and a lovable companion.

HEZEKIAH ORNDORFF

Hezekiah Orndorff died suddenly at his home near Star Tannery, Va., on February 24, 1926, after a short illness. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and one daughter, and six grandchildren. He was in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

Comrade Orndorff served in the Confederate army as a member of Company C, under Captain Bartlett, of Texas, in Imboden's Brigade, and was in the battles at Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill, and New Market. He was laid to rest in Gravel Spring Cemetery in front of the church of which he was a member all his life.

W. T. MINOR.

W. T. Minor was born in Jackson County, Ala., in 1845, but his parents removed to Texas in 1858, locating near Lewisville, where he grew up and where he died on April 17, 1926.

In the spring of 1862, this comrade enlisted in the Confederate army, serving as a member of Company C, 15th Texas Cavalry, until the close of the war and was surrendered at Tyler, Smith County, Tex., a faithful and gallant soldier.

[W. M. McCreless.]

CAPT. P. A. McDAVID.

After several months of illness, Capt. P. A. McDavid died at his home in Greenville, S. C., on May 28, in his eighty-fifth year. He was one of the oldest citizens of the community, and for many years had acted as the VETERAN's representative there. In the uniform he loved so well, and under the flag he followed for four long years, he was laid to rest in Springwood Cemetery at Greenville,

Peter McDavid was born at Ingleside, in Greenville County, on June 13, 1841, and was a student at Anderson Military Academy when war came on in 1861. Responding to the call to arms, with other students he left the Academy and joined the Palmetto Riflemen, and of this command there is now but one survivor, Fleetwood Clinkscales, of Anderson. After a year of service with this company, young McDavid was transferred to Company L, 2nd South Carolina Rifles, with which he served to the end. Going in as a private, he was promoted to captain, and had been recommended for advancement to major when the war closed. He was at one time color bearer for his regiment, and as such served at the battle of Second Manassas. There he gathered together the scattered and depleted forces of his command, and, with that courage and determination which inspired others, he led the column into battle, marching at the head with the colors. Witnesses of his bravery reported this as an outstanding heroic action of the war. On August 14, 1864, he was severely wounded, a ball passing through his right cheek bone, and he was captured and held in confinement at Fortress Monroe.

With the close of war, Captain McDavid returned home and for some years engaged in farming, later going to Greenville and entering the mercantile business. He was one of the organizers of Camp Pulliam, U. C. V., at Greenville, and one of its first Commanders; and he was commissioner of pensions for Greenville County until his health failed. A faithful member of the Methodist Church and of the Masonic fraternity, his life was an example of Christian citizenship.

Captain McDavid was married to Miss Frances Sullivan, daughter of Dr. J. M. Sullivan. Two daughters and a son survive him.

LIEUT. L. D. YOUNG.

After some months of declining health, Lieut. Lot D. Young died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Keller Donnell, at Lexington, Ky., on April 3, 1926. He was widely known throughout the State and universally beloved. Born in Nicholas County, January 22, 1842, he was a prominent farmer of that section until a few years ago, when he made his home with his son John, in Paris, Ky.

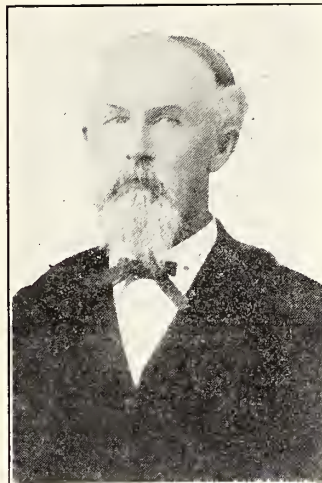
Lieutenant Young began his career as a soldier of the Confederacy by joining a little band known as the "Flat Rock Grays," going with them to Camp Burnett, Tenn., where they became a part of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry. In his experience as a soldier were some of the most momentous events of Confederate history, and in his book on "The Orphan Brigade," he tells of participation in many battles, such as Shiloh, the siege of Vicksburg, Murfreesboro (Stone River), Chickamauga, and others of importance. He was wounded at Jonesboro, Ga., on August 31, 1864, and spent the following six months in hospitals at different places. His love for his old wartime comrades never waned, and by his request he was laid to rest in the simple manner befitting a soldier. Veterans of both the Confederate and Union armies served as honorary pallbearers, with six grandsons as the active pallbearers, and after the funeral services at the home of his son in Paris, conducted by ministers of the Christian Church, his body, clothed in the beloved gray of his rank, and with

the flags of his country—the Stars and Bars and the Stars and Stripes in his hands—was taken to Carlisle and laid in the family lot of the cemetery there with loved ones gone before.

In 1866, Comrade Young was married to Miss Belle Davis, of North Middletown, who died many years ago. He is survived by three sons and two daughters.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS JOHNSON.

William Douglas Johnson was born near Dalton, Ga., March 5, 1842. His father, Rev. James Johnson, was a



W. D. JOHNSON.

pioneer minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and his mother, Martha M. Johnston, was the granddaughter of Joseph Johnston, an American patriot of Revolutionary times and a courier in the Continental army. His parents removed to Loudon, Tenn., when he was a boy, and he was a student at Cumberland University when the War between the States came on. He joined the company of Capt. John A. Rowan in Ashby's Cavalry, and afterwards transferred to the 62nd Tennessee Regiment, which Colonel Rowan helped to organize. Johnson was made a

third lieutenant in this command, and then was commissioned as second lieutenant, declining a captain's commission at one time in order to remain with his kinsmen.

During the fighting around Vicksburg, he lost his horse in attempting to swim the river, and was captured by the Federals, who sent him to Johnson's Island prison, where he had many harrowing experiences. He was a witness to the attempted escape by digging under the prison walls when some of the prisoners tried to get away over the frozen lake. He was also present when an effort was made by the "Southern Cross" to release the prisoners by using a gunboat and taking them to Canada. He was finally exchanged, and was on the way to rejoin the forces of Gen. R. E. Lee, when he heard of the surrender at Appomattox. He then joined some friends of the Confederacy who were attempting to help President Davis to escape.

After the war, Comrade Johnson went with his parents to Texas, where some of his brothers had preceded them. One brother, Dodson, died during the war in Matamoras, Mexico, where he had gone to obtain medical supplies for the Confederate army. The Johnson brothers—Samuel, Jerry, Wiley, and Douglas—entered the mercantile business in Old Dresden, Tex., where the family settled, and at Spring Hill. Later on Douglas gave his time to farming and ranching and about 1869 he was married to Miss Caroline Elizabeth Blair, of Loudon, Tenn., who died many years ago.

Comrade Johnson was a Mason, a Democrat, and a member of the Woodmen of the World. He had served as a member of the Public School Board at Corsicana, Tex., was one of the founders of the Third Avenue Presbyterian Church there, of which he was an elder for many years. He was a member of the C. M. Winkler Camp, U. C. V. He died on May 6, at the home of his son, Edgar B. Johnson, and was laid to rest in the Old Dresden Cemetery with Masonic rites. The pallbearers were six nephews and two grandsons.

JOHN ANDERSON HUNTER.

John Anderson Hunter, who died at the home of his daughter in Lafayette, La., on April 18, 1926, was descended on his father's side from Gen. Robert Anderson, of Pickens District, S. C., who served in the War of the Revolution; and on his mother's side from Col. Roger Lawson, of Milledgeville, Ga., an officer in the Creek and Seminole War. His father, James Hunter, and his mother, Alice Moore Lawson, emigrated to North Louisiana when the country was new, where they met and married. Their eldest child, John Anderson Hunter, was born at Ringgold, Claiborne Parish, on September 10, 1840, and was sent to South Carolina at an early age to be educated; seven years later he returned home as a young man of twenty.

This was just a year before the war came on in 1861. From San Antonio, Tex., he rode home alone through a country infested with outlaws and hostile Indians. Learning that a company was organizing at Ringgold, he arrived just in time to enlist with Vance's Guards, Company A, 19th Regiment, Louisiana Volunteers, of Gibson's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, Army of Tennessee. So far as known, he was the last surviving member of this company. If there are any others, his family would like to hear of them.

John Hunter went through the entire four years of war without receiving a wound, although he was engaged in some of the hardest-fought battles. Besides a number of skirmishes, he took part in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Atlanta, Marietta, Jonesboro, Kenesaw Mountain, Franklin, and Nashville, and in the sieges of Corinth, Jackson, and Mobile.

After surrendering at Meridian, Miss., in 1865, he returned to Louisiana. His native State was in a sad condition of poverty as the result of the war and was destined to struggle through years of reconstruction following radical rule. The young soldier was obliged to forego his ambition to become a physician. Instead, he took up his residence in Red River Parish and became a cotton planter. In December, 1865, he was married to Miss Catherine McKinney, and they were blessed with seven children. She died in 1881, and two years later he married her sister, Miss Laura McKinney, who lived until 1902. He is survived by four daughters and a son, also ten grandchildren.

During the eighties, Comrade Hunter served as sheriff of Red River Parish, and after his removal to Acadia Parish, in 1889, he was city clerk of Rayne, La., for fifteen years, and president of the Parish School Board for twelve years. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. South, and a Mason.

B. F. HAISLIP.

A pathetic funeral was held for a Confederate comrade, B. F. Haislip, who died at the General Hospital in Kansas City, where he had been a patient since last December from injuries received in a fall. Though the Daughters of the Confederacy were ever ready with their ministrations and help, he was too proud to let them do much for him while he was alive, but the five Chapters of the city and the Confederate veterans united to give him honorable burial. Gen. A. A. Pearson, commanding the Missouri Division, U. C. V., read the burial ritual, and the religious services were conducted by Chaplain Hogan, of Confederate Camp No. 80 U. C. V. Far away from early home and kindred, by stranger hands, he was laid tenderly to rest.

Comrade Haislip made application for admission to the Confederate Home at Higginville, in 1923, and though his application was granted, he decided not to go. From the

record there it is learned that he was born September 25, 1828, at Charlottesville, Va.; that he had lived in Missouri for seventy-seven years prior to making the application; that he enlisted in the Confederate army in Green County, Mo., and served in Company A, 2nd Missouri Cavalry, Parson's Brigade, under Captain Zollinger and Col. Robert McCullough; that he fought in the battles of Lexington, Corinth, Tupelo, all the battles around Mobile, and many other engagements, and surrendered at Columbus, Miss., in 1865; was captured some ten miles from Memphis in 1864, and released by General Forrest.

After the war he was a salesman in St. Louis and later in Denver. From there he went to San Francisco, and it is thought that he taught school in California. He located in Kansas City some seven years ago and had supported himself until his accident last December. At the hospital he was known affectionately as "Daddy."

JOHN W. PEAKE.

On October 12, 1925, there passed into the Great Beyond at Washington, D. C., another of the men who wore the gray, John W. Peake, called by his intimates "Tip."

He was born in Fauquier County, Va., and in April, 1861, at the age of fifteen years, he enlisted in the 6th Virginia Cavalry, and served throughout the war. He was a genial, courteous gentleman of the old school and was esteemed and loved by a large circle of friends. He was buried in the family plot in "Rockdale," Fauquier County, where rest the bodies of his father and mother, his grandfather, a veteran of the War of 1812, and his great-grandfather, who fought in the Revolution.

Mr. Peake married Miss Alwilda Marshall Brooke, who was also from Virginia, and who survives him.

[In some recollections of his experiences as a boy cavalryman, Comrade Peake has given an interesting narrative of what he went through after "j'ining the cavalry." See page 260.]

ADAM C. CAPLINGER.

At the age of eighty-seven years, Adam C. Caplinger died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Charles Skidmore, at Norton, Randolph County, W. Va., on the 10th of June, 1926. He is survived by two daughters, twelve grandchildren, and fourteen great-grandchildren, also by a brother and a sister.

Adam Caplinger served throughout the War between the States with McClanahan's Battery, to which so many Randolph County soldiers belonged, one of whom was his brother John (now dead), who was a gunner. This command was under General Imboden. My father, Calvin C. Hart, was No. 1 to the same cannon with "Uncle Ad," as we all knew him. I had known and loved him all my life. He was a devout Christian gentleman.

[Cam Hart, Elkins, W. Va.]

HONORING A ONE-TIME ENEMY.

At its meeting on April 20, 1926, the city council of Petersburg, Va., passed resolutions on the passing of Col. James Anderson, of Springfield, Mass., in which it was stated that:

"Colonel Anderson, though a soldier who had served honorably in the Federal army throughout the historic siege of this city, has for thirty years been intimately connected with A. P. Hill Camp, Confederate Veterans, as an associate member, and as such has been present at every annual celebration of General Lee's birthday during that time, boldly asserting that he had no apologies to offer for his part in the conflict and was proud of the faithfulness with which he discharged

his duty as a soldier, yet he gladly recognized the devotion with which the Confederate soldier testified to an opposing conviction to which he had a perfect right. . . . By the exalted character of which his every word and act had been a demonstration, and by many deeds of kindly and distinguished courtesy, he had so endeared himself to us that the bereavement which has come to Springfield and E. K. Wilcox Post, G. A. R., of which he was Past Commander, is felt even more keenly here by A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., and every citizen.

"Resolved, That the flag of the Camp be flown at half mast over the City Hall to mark the fact that the whole city joins the Camp in mourning the loss of a beloved comrade."

[William F. Spotswood, Clerk of the Council.]

TOO BRAVE TO DIE.

The following is taken from a tribute by W. H. Flennikin, of Winnsboro, S. C., to Samuel W. Broom, a South Carolina soldier, who died in March, 1925, of whom he says:

"One of Fairfield's grand old Confederates was Samuel W. Broom, who did numberless valorous deeds, but was too reserved to speak of them, hence but few knew of his acts. His life was spent for his country in an humble and honorable way. During the War between the States he enlisted in the Cedar Creek Rifles, a part of the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, and was assigned to the Ordnance Department. On more than one occasion he was known to carry ammunition on his back, crawling on his face to the picket line a hundred yards off to supply the line with ammunition.

"At the battle of Bloody Angle, near Spotsylvania Courthouse, he was delivering ammunition to his regiment when General Lee came along and said: 'My good fellow, you are exposing yourself too much.' Broom recognized General Lee and replied: 'General, I am simply doing my duty.' Impressed by his absolute indifference to danger for himself, General Lee lifted his hat in recognition of his faithfulness to duty and inquired if he were there by orders. Broom replied that he was not, when General Lee said: 'Withdraw to a safer place, for we can ill afford to lose such men as you.'

"After the storm of war, Samuel Broom lived out a long and useful life in the ways of peace, and so the end came. He had passed into his eighty-eighth year, having been born January 2, 1838. He entered the war as a private and rose to the rank of ordnance sergeant. He was wounded at Gettysburg."

THE STONEWALL CAMP OF PORTSMOUTH, VA.

BY CARY R. WARREN, ADJUTANT.

With the advent of March, 1926, the Stonewall Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Portsmouth, Va., entered upon its forty-third year of existence. It was organized in 1883, with Capt. V. O. Cassell as Commander and Col. James M. Binford as Adjutant. Of the four hundred and ninety-three members originally forming this Camp, only seventeen are left, and two of these are now at the Confederate Home in Richmond—Richard S. Stores and George T. Hanrahan—and one is living in St. Louis, Mo.—Henry V. Niemeyer. The living in Portsmouth are: John C. Tee, F. T. Tynan, William A. Fiske, Joseph T. Duke, John L. Nelson, Cary R. Warren, Chaplain Giles B. Cooke, James M. Gumm, J. J. Bilisoly, W. H. Nash, Osmond Peters, Henry O. Phillips, G. S. Vermillion, J. H. Fleming.

Five members were lost during the last year—John E. Foreman, Henry Duke, E. J. Mears, J. C. Davis, and L. P. Slater—all good soldiers and true. The present officers of the Camp, all of whom were elected for life at the March meeting, are:

Commander, John C. Tee; First Lieutenant Commander, Joseph T. Duke; Second Lieutenant Commander, John L. Nelson; Adjutant and Treasurer, Cary R. Warren; Chaplain, Rev. Giles B. Cooke; Sergeant Major, James M. Gumm.

Several months ago, the Austin R. Davis Camp of Spanish War Veterans elected all members of the Stonewall Camp as honorary members of Davis Camp, an honor highly appreciated. On Memorial Day, the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Confederate Veterans rendered valuable assistance in carrying out the program for the day, and in other ways on other occasions have done much for our comfort and entertainment.

In 1861, Portsmouth sent more soldiers to the Southern army than the town had voters. One thousand four hundred and forty-three gray-clad boys marched away to join the army of the South. Of that number there is record of only twelve living, who are: Lieut. J. J. Bilisoly, Maj. Giles B. Cooke, who was Assistant Inspector General on General Lee's staff, and is the last survivor of the staff; Orderly Sergeant F. T. Tynan; Corporal John C. Tee; Privates, W. A. Fiske, George T. Hanrahan, Henry V. Niemeyer, William H. Nash, R. S. Stores, Osmond Peters, G. S. Vermillion, and Cary R. Warren."

A GALLANT ARTILLERIST.

Thomas Taylor Pettus commanded one of the ten companies of the Mecklenburg Heavy Artillery, organized at Chase City, Va., August, 1861. The first siege was at Yorktown, and as commander of the Church Battery on the river front he rendered valuable service. In 1862, when the Peninsula was evacuated, companies were compelled to abandon the heavy sea coast guns. The ten companies were organized into a regiment armed with rifles, designated 34th Virginia Infantry, Wise's Brigade. In every closely contested battle from Yorktown to Appomattox, Captain Pettus displayed



THOMAS TAYLOR PETTUS.

marked gallantry and skill. He was wounded at Sailor's Creek, fell into the hands of the enemy, his limb was amputated, and he was maimed for life.

Thomas Taylor Pettus was born August 28, 1832, near Chase City, Mecklenburg County, Va., the eldest son of John Henry and Martha Taylor Pettus. In 1868, he made his home in Prince Edward County, near Meherrin Depot, where he passed away on April 19, 1906.

Before the war he married one of Mecklenburg County's most brilliant and beautiful daughters, Miss Mary E. W. Puryear. Captain Pettus was an exemplary, consistent Christian, a polished and refined gentleman. There are two children surviving—Charles and Richard Pettus, of Prince Edward, and Mrs. Lee W. Morton, of Charlotte.

[J. Thomas Goode, Colonel 34th Virginia Infantry.]

[This article is republished from the June VETERAN in order that the picture may accompany it, the latter having been used with the sketch of Dr. J. A. Pettus (page 227) by mistake.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

Mrs. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*
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411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
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74 Weissinger-Gaulbert
MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
1622 West Broadway
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The great reunion in Birmingham is now a thing of the past. It was a brilliant and glorious achievement for the people of that handsome and hospitable city, and to all Confederate guests it was a week of cheer and happiness which will ever be a joyous memory.

To attempt to mention those who contributed to the comfort of the visitors would be futile. It seemed as if every man, woman, and child of Birmingham regarded each visitor as his personal guest. Hon. Val. J. Nesbit and wife and the Hon. Headley E. Jordan and wife were particularly kind in their many attentions paid the President General and her staff.

The Alabama Division, U. D. C., with Mrs. T. W. Palmer, President, paid every courtesy to the Executive Board. The local Chapters U. D. C. were most attentive, keeping the room of the President General alive with exquisite flowers sent daily; as did the charming local hostesses.

The reunion official ladies of Alabama entertained at dinner, to which the Executive Board was invited. This proved a most beautiful and interesting affair. The after-dinner speeches were informal and somewhat serious and were very beneficial.

Meeting again the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and the gracious woman at its head, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, was an inspiration and pleasure. At all luncheons given the Memorial Association, the President General, and her staff were honor guests, occupying prominent seats and being called upon for many speeches.

So many attentions were showered upon the representatives of this organization that it is impossible to recount them all.

Among the most brilliant were the garden party at the Country Club and the reception at the Southern Club, at both of which the President General was an honor guest.

At the beautiful luncheon given by the Daughters of 1812, Miss Jessica Randolph Smith, the daughter of Orren Randolph Smith, the designer of the Confederate Flag, "The Stars and Bars," presented to the President General a very handsome flag of this design, which will ever be cherished as a valued possession, and which will be in evidence in Richmond in November.

Two organizations figuring prominently at this reunion deserve special mention. The Boy Scouts, that noble army of young Americans, rendered every service possible to the veterans and to the women present. Courteous, capable, and efficient, they deserve every expression of appreciation.

The men of the American Legion who carried the reunion

to such a brilliant and successful conclusion deserve congratulations.

The parade surpassed anything of the kind in the history of reunions, because of the military precision with which it was carried off.

One of the pleasant features of the reunion was that the weak-kneed and spineless did not attend. There were found present those who are proud of the achievements of their fathers and who know what they believe on historical matters, and who do not feel called upon to take their opinions from others. Meeting thus with courageous and independent thinkers was truly an inspiration.

It was a great privilege to attend several sessions of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and to see the work these men are doing. They have tremendous power, great influence, and are capable of doing great things. It was very gratifying to realize that they are doing them.

To the United Confederate Veterans, that body of survivors, their Daughters send greeting and love, and lay at their feet tributes of homage. General Freeman, of Richmond, the Commander in Chief, was typical of the old South in his consideration of all, his fine dignity, and his unfailing courtesy. There were present outstanding figures of that type which gladdened the hearts of all who met them, and showed forth to the world the type of men who made such deeds possible as have been recorded to their everlasting glory.

Among the lasting impressions of the reunion is one which is pleasant to recall. Upon entering the church in which the meetings of the Veterans were held, it was discovered that all women were seated upstairs, and so the lower floor was given over to the heroes in gray. In glancing over the vast crowd, it was perceived that every head was gray. The sight filled the hearts of the Daughters with deep reverence and regard and with feelings of tender affectionate devotion.

When this body of venerable men stood and sang "Rock of Ages" and other hymns beloved of their leaders, their voices grew to a mighty swell and filled the church and ascended up on high, as if the music blended with that of the Choir Invisible, composed of those brave souls who have preceded them to the Fairer Land.

Never can the inspiration of the moment be forgotten. The beloved "Stars and Bars" waving, music filling the air, brave men who have stood for God and country and who have fought the good fight, now in the evening of life, singing with the faith of little children, "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling."

Later, when stirring scenes were recounted, the rebel yell was given—that strange battle cry of the South.

Mary Johnson, in "The Long Roll," describes it thus: "From a thousand dusty throats came a cry, involuntary, in-

dividual, indescribably fierce, a high and shrill and wild expression of anger and personal opinion. There was the enemy. They saw him, they yelled—without premeditation, without coöperation, each man for himself, 'YAAI, YAI—YAAI, YAAI, YAI—YAAIIHHH!!!"

The cry was to be heard on more than two thousand battle fields. It lasts with the voice of Stentor and with the horn of Roland. It has gone down to history as "The Rebel Yell."

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas Division.—Mrs. William Stillwell, of Little Rock, sends interesting items this month from her Division. The Elliott Fletcher Chapter, of Blytheville, has an established custom of giving a Grandmothers' Party each year, which is very pleasant as well as profitable. Following this, they are giving this year an old fiddler's contest. At one of the recent contests a fiddle was used which was made in Germany in 1422 and has been in the family ever since, descending from one generation to another.

The James F. Fagan Chapter, of Benton, bestowed twenty-one Crosses of Honor at their Memorial service, May 8; and the Henry G. Bunn Chapter, of Eldorado, has adopted four veterans from the Confederate Home.

* * *

Boston Chapter.—At the annual business meeting of Boston Chapter, Mrs. Frederick L. Hoffman, of Wellesley Hills, was unanimously elected President for a term of two years. Mrs. Hoffman is a Georgian by birth and a former Secretary of the Southern Society of the Oranges, New Jersey.

Other officers elected were: First Vice President, Mrs. M. B. Sumpter; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. H. McClary; Recording Secretary, Mrs. V. A. Longaker; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. W. Hoover; Treasurer, Miss Katherine Kefauver; Registrar, Mrs. Robert R. Rockwell; Historian, Mrs. O. F. Wiley; Education, Mrs. William P. Lawler; Entertainment, Mrs. M. A. Swartwout; Director of Children, Mrs. E. Wilson Lincoln; Finance and Flowers, Mrs. Charles E. Murman; Membership, Mrs. William Duncan; Hospital, Mrs. J. H. McClary.

* * *

California Division.—Mrs. Lucille Pleasants reports a most delightful and enthusiastic convention at San Diego. Mrs. R. F. Blankenburg (Katherine Carter) was unanimously elected President. Her ancestors were the Carters and Locketts of Virginia. She lives in San Diego, a member of Stonewall Jackson Chapter. Other officers elected were: Mrs. Brooks McCall, of San Francisco, First Vice President; Mrs. Myra Anderson, Berkeley, Second Vice President; Mrs. J. C. Thomson, of Los Angeles, Recording Secretary; Mrs. M. B. Smith, of Oakland, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Herbert Schick, Los Angeles, Treasurer; Mrs. F. B. Harrington, Los Angeles, Historian; Mrs. Joseph Bass, Hollywood, Registrar; Mrs. J. W. Frewer, Coronado, Recorder of Crosses; Mrs. E. S. Garrett, San Francisco, Custodian of Flags; Mrs. G. C. Stribling, Pasadena, Parliamentarian; Mrs. J. W. Wilhoit, Long Beach, Director of Children's Work.

Twin Peaks Chapter, of San Francisco, received the prize of \$25 offered by Mrs. Chester A. Garfield for the Chapter presenting the largest number of Crosses of Service. California now has twenty-eight Chapters, three new ones represented at convention—the Maj. Hugh G. Gwynn, of La Mesa; the Maj. John R. Gathright, of Glendora; and the Fort Sumter, of Sacramento.

Two very generous donations to be reported were the

\$1,000 given by Mrs. A. L. Bagnall, of Los Angeles Chapter, to the Woodrow Wilson Memorial Scholarship; and the \$25 a month for life given by Mrs. Hobart J. Whitley, of the William Gibbs McAdoo Chapter, to the Norman V. Randolph Fund for Needy Confederate Women.

The Zero Marker of the Pacific Terminal, Jefferson Davis Highway, was unveiled in Central Plaza directly in front of U. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego. Mrs. Chester A. Garfield has worked unceasingly and at great personal expense to get permission from the State of California and the city of San Diego to place this marker. A hundred dollars was donated by Col. Warren Jefferson Davis to pay for the marker. He is the World War veteran who made the trip from San Diego to Hot Springs to receive his Cross of Service. He has medals from Italy, France, and the United States for Air Service, and is a prominent attorney and author. The California Division bore the expense of the two inscribed bronze plates. Mrs. William H. Anderson, of Los Angeles, gave an inspiring dedicatory address. The unveiling was done by the President, Miss Margaret C. Tate, of the hostess Chapter, the Stonewall Jackson.

* * *

Florida Division.—Mrs. Amos Norris sends us this interesting account of the thirty-first annual convention of Florida Division, held in West Palm Beach, May 4 to 7, 1926, with Mrs. J. C. Blocker, the President, presiding. The Thomas Benton Ellis Chapter, Mrs. R. E. Oliver, President, was hostess.

The report of the State President showed a most satisfactory year's work. Although Florida ranks ninth numerically, the Division ranks fourth financially in the general organization.

It was voted to appropriate sufficient money from the Division treasury to purchase the balance of Florida's quota of "The Women of the South in War Times," these to be distributed to the Chapters according to their quota. Thus Florida will redeem her last pledge to the general organization.

A most brilliant historical reading, Mrs. Townes Randolph Leigh, State Historian presiding, was given on Thursday evening.

The time of holding the State convention was changed from the first Wednesday in May to the third Wednesday in October. The next convention will be held in Fort Myers, October, 1927.

The following officers were elected to serve for the coming two years: President, Mrs. F. L. Ezell, Leesburg; Vice President, Mrs. Frank Owen, Jacksonville; Second Vice President, Mrs. Annie Howell Phifer, High Springs; Third Vice President, Mrs. D. A. McKinnon, Marianna; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. W. S. Gramling, Miami; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. D. Hearne, Tampa; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. B. D. Harris, Leesburg; Custodian, Mrs. A. K. Kleiser, Orlando; Treasurer, Mrs. A. W. Leland, Gainesville (holdover); Historian, Mrs. Townes R. Leigh, Gainesville (holdover). Miss Mary D. Cooper, Manatee, was elected Honorary President.

* * *

Louisiana Division.—Louisiana Division mourns the passing of Miss Doriska Gautreaux, First Vice President of the Division, Past President, and prominent in all phases of Confederate work.

The twenty-seventh annual convention of the Louisiana Division was held in Lake Charles, May 11-13.

The Memorial Hour on Wednesday morning was most impressive, Mrs. L. U. Babin presiding. Resolutions on the death of Miss Doriska Gautreaux, First Vice President, were read first, and a rose placed in the wreath of remembrance as each name was called. Resolutions on the death of Mrs. J.

M. Pagaud, prominent in Division work, and others prominent in Chapter work, were read by members of Chapters.

Resolutions were indorsed which would make April 30, Louisiana Day, by act of legislature, and the Educational Committee, Louisiana Division, was authorized to have this bill introduced in the legislature now in session. A resolution was also indorsed in favor of Confederate pensions, and a committee was appointed to go before the legislature in the interest of the Confederate veterans. As the law now stands, the veterans receive \$30 per month if their *assets* are not more than \$1,000, or \$20 per month if *assets* are more than \$1,000, and not over \$2,000.

Amendments adopted at the convention were that the Honorary Presidents be limited to five; that no one be elected to office who is not present unless there is an acceptable excuse; that Corresponding Secretary reside in same town or city as President.

The new officers of the Division are: Mrs. L. U. Babin, Baton Rouge, President; Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, New Orleans, First Vice President; Mrs. F. P. Jones, Leesville, Second Vice President; Mrs. F. Querens, New Orleans, Third Vice President; Mrs. C. G. North, Tangipahoa, Fourth Vice President; Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid, New Orleans, Recording Secretary; Miss Adelia B. Laycock, Baton Rouge, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Rudolph Krause, Lake Charles, Treasurer; Mrs. E. L. Rugg, New Orleans, Registrar; Mrs. F. W. Bradt, Alexandria, Historian; Mrs. Harry Eckhardt, New Orleans, Director of Children of Confederacy; Mrs. H. Friedrichs, New Orleans, Custodian of Crosses; Mrs. Feeney Rice, New Orleans, Custodian Confederate Home; Mrs. C. M. Richard, Organizer; Honorary Presidents: Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, New Orleans; Miss Mattie McGrath, Baton Rouge; Mrs. Ida Goodwill, Mrs. Peter Youree; Honorary Historian, Mrs. J. S. Alison.

The birthday of Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard was celebrated at the Confederate Home with a lawn party, and a nice program was arranged by the Custodian of the Home.

New Orleans Chapter held a Memorial Service for Miss Doriska Gautreaux on May 26.

Robert E. Lee Chapter, Lake Charles, has taken for its special local work the marking of all Confederate graves in Calcasieu Parish. These markers bear the name, date of birth and death, and other information when possible, and are made with two holes drilled through from top to bottom to hold the Confederate and the American flags, which are placed there on all days of observance.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of New Orleans, gave a beautiful luncheon on June 8, in honor of the outgoing President of the Division, Mrs. Florence C. Tompkins, and the incoming President, Mrs. L. U. Babin, at the Bienville Hotel, New Orleans. The luncheon was followed by an executive meeting, at which important work was outlined for the year by the new President.

A pretty ceremony in Baton Rouge, on May 30, was the presentation of a wreath of poppies by the President of the American Legion Auxiliary, Mrs. V. V. Sessions, to the President of Louisiana Division, to be placed on the Confederate monument. William Walker Chapter dedicated and unveiled a memorial fountain in the courthouse square at Winnfield, La., on June 3, in memory of the Confederate soldiers of Winn Parish.

* * *

Maryland Division.—Mrs. Preston Power, always alert for news of her Division, reports an interesting annual meeting at the War Memorial Building, Monday, May 10.

Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, held a meeting at the

residence of Mrs. J. Lawrence Clark on the 14th of April. It was reported by Mrs. Walter Dorsey that a very successful card party had been held.

* * *

Missouri Division.—The Cape Girardeau Chapter, No. 629, sends a splendid report by Mrs. Mary A. Harris, who has been appointed chairman of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press.

This active Chapter also reports that arrangements have been made for showing "Dixie," "Vincennes," and other pictures of true American history.

The April meeting was held in a historic old home of one of the members. The house has before it a splendid large maple tree which sheltered General Carter while directing his troops in the battle of Cape Girardeau, April 26, 1863. Plans for marking this historic tree were discussed.

A letter in answer to one of inquiry, was read from the Superintendent of Schools, stating that the book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was *not* on the official list of reference books for Missouri schools.

A sunrise breakfast was given on Decoration Day; the Chapter members and their friends then visited the cemetery and decorated the graves of the Confederate soldiers.

At the regular meeting of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter No. 639, of Kansas City, on May 17, the Chapter was presented with a Jefferson Centennial Certificate. Their contribution was made at a "Silver Tea," given on April 13, at the home of Mrs. William L. Byars.

Mrs. A. C. Myer, State Historian, asks that a Missouri flag be placed in every school in the State this year along with a picture of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, or some other prominent Confederate. Mrs. Meyer offers a prize of \$10 to the Chapter sending essays on the greatest number of subjects given for competition.

The Blake L. Woodson "Loving Cup" is offered by the Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter, of St. Louis, to the Daughter sending in the best essay on the life of Matthew Fontaine Maury. The Loving Cup is to be competed for annually.

* * *

South Carolina Division.—Plans are being made to build the Wade Hampton Highway from Walhalla through to Cashiers Valley, along the route of the old Watson turnpike. This historic old road has long been in disuse, but is said to be on a splendid grade and would make a new and beautiful route to the mountains. Leading from Walhalla to the old Hampton home at Cashiers, the name chosen is certainly an appropriate one.

The three Chapters in Newberry coöperated in the observance of Memorial Day, holding the exercises in the opera house in the morning, followed by a dinner to the veterans and their wives in the American Legion Hall. On the afternoon and evening of the day, the Yale University photoplay, "Dixie," was presented under the auspices of the Drayton Rutherford Chapter. The "Service of the Confederate Flags" a dramatization of the history of these five banners, proved a most fitting prelude to the picture. In the "service" six people take part—a leader and five flag bearers. In the Chapter's presentation, Mrs. J. H. West, former Historian and also former First Vice President of the South Carolina Division, acted as leader. The five flag bearers were descendants of Confederate soldiers, volunteers in the World War, dressed in khaki or blue, as was their line of service in the war. The flags borne were absolutely correct as to proportions, etc. They are approximately four feet by six feet. The history of

each is impressively written. Any Chapter desiring to have a similar presentation can procure necessary information from Mrs. K. D. Wright, President of the Drayton-Rutherford Chapter.

* * *

Texas Division.—The Mary West Chapter, of Waco, offered its annual prize this year for the best essay on Gen. Robert E. Lee, and at the time of the bestowal of the prize, May 11, exercises commemorating the birthday of Mrs. John C. West, founder of the Chapter, were also held. Under the direction of Mrs. J. B. Powell, this Chapter is doing good work with its Service Crosses, the first official decoration for Central Texas being held May 2.

* * *

The Philadelphia Chapter sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. William K. Beard, Past President of the Chapter and ever one of its most active members. She died on April 17, after an illness of several months. She was born in Columbia, S. C., the daughter of Capt. Robert Green and Annie Boatright Fleming, but the family was living in Savannah, Ga., when she, as Vida Fleming, was married to William K. Beard in 1893. In 1896 they made their home in Philadelphia, and in that city she was an active worker in Church and patriotic societies. It was during her presidency of the Philadelphia Chapter U. D. C., that the monument to our unknown soldiers was erected in the Pittville National Cemetery. She is survived by her husband and six sons, and these sons paid a last filial tribute as their mother's pallbearers.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1926.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for August.

Third and fourth Secretaries of War.

Gustavus W. Smith, of Kentucky, served from November 17 to November 21, 1862.

James A. Seddon, of Virginia, served from November 21, 1862, to February 6, 1865.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

AUGUST.

Texas; seceded February 23, 1861.

Writer: James Barron Hope.

"Peace has come. God give his blessing
On the fact and on the name!
The South speaks no invective
And she writes no word of blame;
But we call all men to witness
That we stand up without shame!"

(From the ode written for the laying of the corner stone of the Lee Monument in Richmond, October 27, 1887.)

REFERENCE WORKS FOR U. D. C. STUDY.

The following books will be found helpful in supplying data on the topics for August, and these may be found in almost any public library. This list was furnished by the Louisville Free Public Library:

GUSTAVUS WOODSON SMITH, OF KENTUCKY.

"Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." (See index.)

"Biographical Encyclopædia of Kentucky." (Page 69.)

"Collins's History of Kentucky." (Volume 1, pages 96, 237, 363.)

"Encyclopedia Americana." (Volume 25, page 119.)

"Confederate Military History." (Volume 1, pages 607, 608.)

"Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History." (Volume 8.)

"History of North America." (Lee and Thorpe. Volume 14, pages 216-217.)

"Library of Southern Literature." (Volume 15, page 405.)

"New International Encyclopedia." (Volume 21, page 196.)

"The South in the Building of the Nation." (Volume 2, page 84; Volume 12, pages 402-3.)

"Confederate War Papers and Battle of Seven Pines." (G. W. Smith.)

HISTORICAL WORK OF THE NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Mrs. John H. Anderson, Historian of the North Carolina Division, has announced an interesting list of prizes—thirteen prizes in gold coins—on historical subjects for this year. These are on many phases of Confederate history, including a study of President Davis and the Confederate Cabinet, North Carolina's Part in the Confederacy, Confederate Victories, History of the North Carolina Division, the Restoration of Arlington, and the best history of any county of North Carolina in the Confederacy.

Besides the prizes to be competed for by members of the Division, there are a number offered, especially to college students, on such subjects as "Secession Arguments of the South," "Blockade Running in the Confederacy," "North Carolina's Part in Organizing Troops," "Poets of the Confederacy"; while six prizes are offered to natives for original poetry on Southern subjects.

The Division Historian has collected numbers of interesting reminiscences from survivors of the War between the States on "Christmas in the Confederacy," the result of a call made by her through the press during the Christmas season. She is also adding to her list of "Confederate Mothers of Many Sons," making an honor roll of these Spartan mothers of North Carolina. A plea made by Mrs. Anderson before the Press Institute of the State and the State Educational Association is meeting with fine results in arousing interest in this historical work. At the request of the Historian, the Governor of North Carolina is urging every school to place State flags on the school buildings. On every hand there is increased interest in the preservation of the history of the Confederacy, and greater pride in our Southland is being shown.

CONFEDERATE LITERATURE.—Chapters planning to build up a library of Confederate history are asked to communicate with the VETERAN as to what books will be needed, and the VETERAN will furnish a list of the most important works on our history. As it is becoming more and more difficult to find these, a beginning should be made without further delay.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeanne D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

THE CONVENTION AT BIRMINGHAM.

My Dear Coworkers: It has been my privilege and pleasure to thus address you since you honored me by electing me your executive eight years ago, and the convention just closed in Birmingham has fully demonstrated that you are, and have been, coworkers with me. To those who could not attend, we are happy to report a most successful meeting, with about one hundred delegates and officers in attendance. To our beloved Alabama State President, Mrs. R. P. Dexter, we are indebted for the newly organized Memorial Association, with a most energetic and efficient President, Mrs. S. H. Gardner, as its leader. The work of these two Memorial women should be an example and an inspiration to many who fear responsibility. Less than six months old, the Birmingham Association met and faced responsibilities undaunted, and Mrs. Gardner, with her band of faithful coworkers, has written high the word "success," for the program was carried out with a smoothness and care as to detail that would do credit to any older organization; and our hearts are filled with affectionate appreciation and gratitude to each one who so unselfishly labored for the cause which we represent. To the men of the magic city of Birmingham, and especially to those of the Reunion Committee, on whose shoulders was laid the great burden of responsibility of planning and carrying through to a finished success the arduous duties of preparation for a reunion, and which was so gloriously achieved to Mr. Val J. Nesbitt, General Chairman, and to Mr. Carson Adams, Chairman of Program, our C. S. M. A. owe a lasting debt of gratitude, and unstinted praise is due for never-failing courtesy and consideration.

The meetings of the C. S. M. A. were made especially delightful through the use of the ballroom of the Tutwiler Hotel, which, as headquarters for the reunion, was a source of especial comfort and pleasure to many of our women who are no longer able to travel about as in days of yore.

Our welcome, or opening, meeting on the afternoon of May 18 brought a notable array of speakers, whose brilliant addresses attracted a crowd that more than tested the capacity of the room. Notable among the brilliant galaxy of speakers were Hon. W. W. Brandon, Governor of Alabama; Hon. Lester Hill, the youngest man in Congress, who came all the way from Washington just for the day at the earnest solicitation of the Alabama State President, Mrs. R. P. Dexter, and who inspired and thrilled his audience by his masterful oratory; from the Commander in Chief U. C. V., Gen. W. B. Freeman, came greetings and welcome prefaced by a historical address of inestimable value, a paper which we hope

to preserve in our historical work; Dr. W. C. Galloway, Commander in Chief, S. C. V., brought greetings and welcome in his usual happy vein, and proved a worthy representative of the rank and file to whom will fall the duty of carrying on when the older generation shall have passed; from our own charming Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, President General U. D. C., and from Mr. Hollins N. Randolph, President Stone Mountain Memorial Association, came greetings that filled our hearts with keenest pleasure, and kept the audience spellbound. Responses to the addresses and greetings, and the meeting turned over to your President General, brought to a close an afternoon of rarest pleasure, which, with the encouraging messages, will enable our workers to catch a vision of the opportunities and privileges which are theirs, and will linger long in memory as rare jewels of thought. The successful business part of our meetings came to a conclusion with a finished program.

The dignity and beauty of the Memorial Hour, honoring the dead of the past year of the U. C. V., the C. S. M. A., and S. C. V., was greatly enhanced by the matchless singers of Southern songs by the Confederate Choir of Virginia. Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Harry Rene Lee, gave the report of more than five hundred U. C. V., who have passed since the last reunion. Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary General, C. S. M. A., had the long list of our C. S. M. A. women; and Mr. McDonald Lee read the shorter list of S. C. V. The choir sang "God Be with You Till We Meet Again," and with the stirring appeal of Chaplain General Wharton, beloved by every Confederate, a silence fell over the vast assemblage as "Taps" was sounded; and men and women filed out of the great building into God's sunlight with a deepened sense that "God is in his heaven, may it all be well with the world." To many this is the sweetest hour of the reunion, as it brings to us that the communion of spirit is not a dream, but that comrades and friends are over there "resting under the shade of the trees."

SOCIAL SIDE OF THE MEETING.

Each day for three days the C. S. M. A. and other distinguished guests were entertained at beautifully appointed luncheons, where sparkles of wit and beauty of floral remembrances caused the happy hours to pass all too quickly. The garden party given in honor of the Presidents General C. S. M. A., and U. D. C., at the beautiful Country Club, attracted five hundred guests, and the gracious hostess from Georgia, Mrs. George Connors, assisted by Mrs. Bush, made it the crowning success of social events. Two grand balls attracted

the dancing contingent and brought to a climax the joys of the reunion.

An automobile accident deprived the visitors to Birmingham of the pleasure of seeing and hearing our honored and beloved Poet Laureate General, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, and her sister, Miss Phoebe Frazer, editor of the page in the *VETERAN* for 1925. While painfully hurt, we are comforted in the thought that they will ere long be again among their friends, and that as Tampa, Fla., their winter home, has been selected as the next place of meeting, we may anticipate with pleasure having them with us again.

Mrs. Mary Miller, State President of Tennessee, was instrumental in organizing our "Baby Association," at Murfreesboro, which was charmingly represented. Mrs. Miller's friends are sympathizing with her in the very serious illness of her sister.

The President General announces the following appointments for 1926-27:

General Chairman for C. S. M. A. for Stone Mountain: Mrs. Nathan Bedford Forrest, Atlanta. That the work will be well done goes without saying to those who know Mrs. Forrest, for she is not only charming personally, but filled with love for the South and her traditions.

General Chairman Gold Bar of Honor: Mrs. Earnest Walworth, of Memphis, Tenn. Another heart that beats in loving loyalty to every Southern sentiment.

General Chairman for School Histories: Mrs. J. S. Armstrong, Oklahoma City, Okla. Mrs. Armstrong is also State President, but has studied carefully the situation and knows and loves her work.

Medical Adviser: Dr. Annie L. Sawyer, Atlanta, who brings to her work large and long experience with devotion to duty. Further appointments will be announced later.

THE NEW BANNER.

At the last convention, Miss Sue H. Walker, Second Vice President General, was appointed chairman to raise funds for a new banner. At Birmingham, Miss Walker presented to the convention a most beautiful new banner of royal purple, with gold and the insignia embroidered in purple and gold, completed with gold tassels and fringe, bearing the name of the C. S. M. A., with our motto, "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, Lest we forget." The delightful surprise was received by giving Miss Walker a rising vote and cheers. May our motto be engraven on every heart.

Yours with affectionate appreciation.

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

A CONFEDERATE PRIVATE.

BY VERA SPEARS.

One of the most interesting, unique, and outstanding figures of the great gray army of the early sixties now left is a Confederate private, Eliphus Franklin Smith, of Union County, S. C. He is now nearly eighty-four years old, still active, enjoys remarkably good health for his age, and his memory is exceptionally good. He is always ready and willing to talk to anyone about the events of the early sixties, and he makes these events live over to you, and history seems more real. He is very optimistic, and one of his favorite expressions when talking of his army experience and the War between the States is: "It was lots of fun as well as lots of trouble."

In April, 1862, when he was nineteen years of age, Eliphus Smith joined the Confederate forces and was placed in Company E, 6th Regiment, South Carolina Cavalry. His

company was placed in Butler's old brigade, and Wade Hampton's corps.

He was severely wounded twice and had his horse shot from under him three different times. At Trevillian Station he was wounded in the back of the neck, and at Kilpatrick's camp, near the North Carolina line, he received a very severe wound in the hip.

Most of the time he served in the army of the East, but when Johnston was sent to South Carolina, his company was with Johnston. On the first of March, Mr. Smith was sent with eighteen men to Bate's Ferry to defend it and watch for Sherman. In a skirmish with Federal troops, he lost one man.

He surrendered on April 6, 1865, near Greensboro, N. C., and on the following Sunday night he arrived at his home. It was then late spring, but most of the fields were untouched and everything had been destroyed; but, with a strong determination, he set out to help to rebuild his country. Then followed the eight years of Radical rule, but, with the same strong will to win each time, he kept up the same hard fight.

HEROIC LEADER OF THE BOYS AT NEW MARKET.

Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Baltimore, refers to an error of omission only in the article on "Recollections of New Market," by Thomas B. Gatch, in the June *VETERAN*, page 210, saying: "Like Waterloo and First Manassas and Fredericksburg (December 13, 1862), it was fought on Sunday. The real hero of this heroic struggle—boys against men—is passed over in absolute silence. . . . The cadet corps on that tragical day was commanded by Capt. Henry A. Wise (one of Stonewall's pupils at the Virginia Military Institute), than whom a nobler, purer, or more chivalrous soul never drew breath. He was the inspiration of the day, his clothing penetrated by the enemy's shot time and again. In later years I became officially associated with him in Baltimore in the educational sphere, 1875-82. From first to last the same lofty ideals revealed themselves in his life and work, "bearing without abuse the grand old name of gentleman."

Saddest is the thought that, like the immortal host with which he served, only a mere fragment is with us.

"They are all gone into the world of light,
And we alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright
And our sad hearts doth cheer.

A TOAST TO DIXIE.

Dixie, I salute you as the mother of some of the noblest men and women ever created by God. There is magic in your name, for it recalls a land where the birds sing sweetly, and the stars shine bright, and the moon gilds the earth with a silver sheen that makes Dixie a land of romance and poetry, of patriotism and peace; and "the harmony of our surroundings creates a harmony within" that inspires and ennobles. The midnight serenade of your Southern warbler lulls one to sleep in an atmosphere laden with the perfume of fragrant flowers, and our last thought as we enter dreamland is of Dixie, "the indestructible Kingdom of the Twilight."

I hope "to live and die in Dixie," and when my eyes close for the last time on the beautiful scenes that have charmed me all my life, I trust that I may be permitted to gaze on one of your beautiful sunsets painted on the sky by the "Divine Artist," the harbinger of a more glorious to-morrow than I have ever known.

(The sentiment of Dr. E. P. Lacey, of Bessemer, Ala., as expressed upon request of a Daughter of the Confederacy.)

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS.

LUCIUS L. MOSS, Lake Charles, La. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 H. T. WILCOX, Marion, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
 PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, Atlanta, Ga. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Ark. *Surgeon in Chief*
 JOE H. FORD, Wagoner, Okla. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, Washington, D. C. *Historian in Chief*
 REV. ALBERT S. JOHNSON, Charlotte, N. C. *Chaplain in Chief*
 DON FARNSWORTH, New York City. *Commissary in Chief*

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 JESSE ANTHONY. Washington, D. C.
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ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA. C. M. Brown, Asheville, N. C.
 ARMY TENNESSEE. S. L. Lowry, Tampa, Fla.
 ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI. Edmond R. Wiles, Little Rock, Ark.

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 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
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 Fielding M. Lewis
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York City. Silas W. Fry
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 KENTUCKY—Lexington. W. V. McFerrin
 LOUISIANA—Monroe. J. W. McWilliams
 MISSOURI—St. Louis. W. Scott Hancock
 MISSISSIPPI—Tupelo. John M. Witt
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville. C. M. Brown
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. J. E. Jones
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Barnwell. Harry D. Calhoun
 TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
 TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Charlottesville. T. E. Powers
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

RALLYING CALL.

Let every Son remember that this is his magazine. The Editor feels no qualms about calling upon every member of the Confederation to support his own magazine. The roster of Camps and officers will be run continuously, changes being made to keep it up to date. The lay-out will be arranged so as to be of most service to the Sons.

In the Sons of Confederate Veterans we have the most representative and democratic order of all time—if you act now. With very few exceptions, every Southern man of today is eligible for membership, for every Southern man of the days of the Confederacy worthy of the name fought for and served it. This condition will not last forever. Time will obliterate many records.

THE BIRMINGHAM CONVENTION.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans held their thirty-first annual reunion at Birmingham, Ala., May 19–21. The organization has always held its conventions and reunions at the same time and place as the United Confederate Veterans.

The opening joint assembly of Veterans, Daughters, and Sons, under the auspices of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, held at the Municipal Auditorium on Tuesday evening, May 18, was one among the greatest ever held. The convention was called to order by Hon. William M. Spencer, Jr.; and the address of welcome on behalf of Birmingham was made by Hon. J. M. Jones, Jr. Other addresses were made by Headley E. Jones, of the American Legion; Hon. William W. Brandon, Governor of Alabama; Hon. Luther Harrison, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Col. W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.; Judge Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.

On the second day of the convention greetings were received from the United Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Children of the Confederacy, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the American Legion. Reports were made by commanders, officers, and standing committees. The afternoon session was devoted to the general transaction of business. The reports of the Adjutant in Chief, Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va., and the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, President, were made during the morning session of the third day. In the afternoon session was the election of general officers.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

By order of Lucius L. Moss, Commander in Chief, S. C. V.

1. By virtue of my election as Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans at the thirty-first annual convention of the Sons' organization, held in Birmingham, May 18–21, 1926, I have assumed command of the Departments, Divisions, Brigades, and Camps comprising the Confederation. This is done with a profound sense of the weighty responsibility and with a deep feeling of gratitude for the sentiment which has generously called me to the high position of Commander in Chief.

2. I hereby officially announce the reelection by the Execu-



LUCIUS L. MOSS, OF LOUISIANA, COMMANDER IN CHIEF,
S. C. V.

tive Council of Walter L. Hopkins, Law Building, Richmond, Va., as Adjutant in Chief. At the request of the Adjutant in Chief, he has been bonded in the Fidelity and Casualty Co., in the sum of five thousand (\$5,000) dollars. Camps will make all checks payable to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

3. Camps are urgently requested to send to Adjutant in Chief Hopkins all dues collected as soon as the members pay, in order that the members may be issued membership cards signed by the Adjutant in Chief and countersigned by the Adjutant of his Camp. The Adjutant in Chief's office will be open at all times, and you can be assured that all business pertaining to the Sons' organization will receive prompt attention.

4. I desire to call the attention of the members of the Confederation to the wonderful progress made under the administration of the retiring Commander in Chief, Dr. W. C. Gallo-way. Under his leadership a great deal of constructive work was accomplished. It is the hope of your Commander in Chief that each member of the Confederation will give the present officers the same loyal support and coöperation which was rendered by them to the officers for the past year.

5. I wish to announce the appointment of J. Roy Price, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La., as Editor of the Sons of Confederate Veterans Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is the earnest desire of your Commander in Chief that every member of the Confederation subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and that all Camp and Division Officers send, monthly, news items concerning their Camps or Divisions to Comrade Price for publication therein. By doing this, Camp and Division officers can keep in touch with each other.

6. The Commander in Chief avails himself of this opportunity to thank his comrades throughout the entire organization for the confidence in him as expressed by electing him as your Commander in Chief. He earnestly hopes that the members and officers of the Confederation will carry the message of the high principles and ideals for which our organization stands to the people throughout the country, that all may hear it and understand the position the Sons of Confederate Veterans have taken in the affairs of the nation and the work it is accomplishing for the good of the South and our reunited country.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE CONVENTION IN BIRMINGHAM.

Resolution No. 1.

Be it resolved, That the general organization of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, extend the unanimous thanks of our organization, and of every official, delegate, alternate, and visitor to—

The Reunion Committee in making the reunion and convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans one of the best in the history of the organization;

To the civic and patriotic organizations of Birmingham, especially to Birmingham Post No. 1 of the American Legion, in making the stay of the Sons and Confederate Veterans in Birmingham a pleasant one;

To William M. Spencer, Jr., Commander, and the officers and members of Wheeler-Ferguson Camp No. 84, S. C. V., for their wholehearted coöperation and untiring efforts to make this convention a success;

To the newspapers, especially of Birmingham, for their coöperation, and to the railroads of the country for their efficient service in handling the reunion and convention delegates and visitors;

To the Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for their many entertainments in our behalf;

To the Police Department for its efficient and courteous service; to the Boy Scouts for their hearty coöperation; to the management of the hotels of Birmingham for their efficient, gracious, and courteous treatment, and

To the First Baptist and First Methodist Churches for their generosity in providing a meeting place for our convention and for the convention of the Confederate Veterans.

Resolution No. 2.

Whereas the best interest of the Confederate Veterans demands that steps be taken to perpetuate this organization, that its memos and records, traditions and achievements may be handed down to posterity; and whereas the time is rapidly approaching when it will not be possible for the Confederate Veterans to transact business to the best interest of the organization, due to age and infirmity; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That a committee be appointed by the Confederate Veterans, by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and by the Sons of Confederate Veterans to work out and submit to the different organizations a plan by which the affairs of the Confederate Veterans Association may be perpetual for all time, the plan to provide that as long as a Confederate veteran is left the Honorary President of the Association shall be a Confederate veteran. The active President of this Association shall be either a Son or a Confederate veteran, or a Daughter of a Confederate veteran.

2. That all Confederate veterans and their descendants shall be eligible to membership; that the membership of the first organization of this Association shall consist of the present members of the Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Daughters of Confederate Veterans, in active membership with the several organizations at this time.

3. That these three committees shall select a chairman, who shall have authorized power to call a joint meeting of the three committees to be named as above provided for and that the committee be requested to make a report of their different organizations to the 1927 meeting of the Confederate Veterans.

Resolution No. 3.

Whereas decorations of Confederate flags are conspicuous by their absence on days sacred to the Confederacy, such as Memorial Day, General Lee's birthday, Stonewall Jackson's birthday, President Jefferson Davis's birthday, and others; and whereas suitable display of Confederate decorations on specified occasions would delight the hearts of the fast-thinning ranks of the once great Confederate army; therefore be it

Resolved, That it be the sense of this body, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, that each Division Commander instruct the individual Camps under his jurisdiction to purchase, through Division Headquarters, and resell to the merchants, Confederate battle flag outfits, preferably using a 4x6 flag.

Be it further resolved, That a committee of three Division Commanders be appointed to obtain bids and select a manufacturer who will give the best product at the most reasonable price.

Resolution No. 4.

Resolved, That the Sons of Confederate Veterans indorse the policy of the national government in providing for Junior and Senior R. O. T. C. units in our schools and colleges. We hold that adequate preparation for defense is the best guarantee of peace.

Resolution No. 5.

Resolved by the Sons of Confederate Veterans in annual convention assembled in the city of Birmingham, Ala., May, 1926, That we indorse and commend the able and patriotic ad-

ministration of the affairs of the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial, consisting, of Confederate soldiers and sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers of outstanding prominence in all the Southern States, including the governors thereof.

Resolved further, That we express to the President and Congress of the United States our profound appreciation of their passage of an act providing for the mintage of five million half dollars in memory of the valor of the soldiers of the South.

Resolved further, That we appeal to sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers, organized and unorganized, and to the people of the South in general, to purchase and cherish these coins as an evidence of their appreciation and as an aid in raising the funds to carve on Stone Mountain the greatest monument of all time in memory of our fathers.

Resolution No. 6.

Whereas J. T. Chambliss, negro ex-slave, of Fordyce, Ark., is seeking proper recognition of the loyalty of the negroes who remained faithful to their masters during the War between the States; and whereas there has never been given that recognition and indorsement that so worthy a cause deserves; therefore be it

Resolved by the Sons of Confederate Veterans in thirty-first annual convention assembled in the city of Birmingham, Ala., That we hereby indorse most heartily and tender our aid and support in any way possible to the movement as presented by J. T. Chambliss, negro ex-slave of Fordyce, Ark., to this convention, which has as its purpose the proper recognition, through the erection of suitable monuments and memorials, to the faithfulness, loyalty, and undying devotion as exemplified by the negroes of the South who remained true to their "white folks" when every inducement was offered them to forsake their charges to the mercies of an invading foe.

A GIFT TO THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

A handsome gavel, made by Capt. P. N. Conner, of Ripley, Tenn., was presented to Gen. W. B. Freeman, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., during the reunion in Birmingham. The presentation was made by John W. Gillon, Jr., who told that it had been carved by Captain Connor, of Company K, 9th Tennessee Infantry, who is now Commander of Camp John Sutherland, U. C. V., at Ripley, and that the wood of it came from a stout oak grown in the inclosure of the famous Fort Pillow, "from which General Forrest chased the niggers and Yankees on a day of glorious vengeance," and to which he added:

"This oak is a fitting symbol of the strength of heart and the enduring qualities of the men of the Confederacy and the race which they founded. The colors with which it is decorated are true emblems of the ideals of liberty for which they fought, and which, though they were defeated, yet live and bear fruit in the heart of every true American. The gavel, as a whole, is a representation of the orderly authority which the men of the South in the days of Reconstruction wielded with such effectiveness that, with the help of God, they formed out of chaos a prosperous nation of free white men.

"On behalf of Camp John Sutherland and its beloved Commander, I present you with this symbol of peaceful authority with the hope that you may use it as effectively on these unruly boys of 'the gray and gold' as ever you used weapon of war on the Yankee."

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

It is peculiarly gratifying that the work of our book, "Women of the South in War Times," is making progress, not so much in the matter of large orders coming in, but many of the Divisions are arranging their own plans and working earnestly toward the disposition of their quotas. What real joy when the goal has been reached! It is our hope that many of the Directors will this year stir up their Divisions into some kind of action and finish this work. We are weary, and so are you, but we must realize that the efforts of the Divisions make possible the finishing of this work, for each is a unit that goes into the completion of our purpose.

We are proud to report the splendid work being done in California. In a recent letter received from Mrs. Douglass, inclosing a nice order, she wrote: "This book is so wonderful it sells itself. I want to keep it before the new Chapters." California is an "Over-the-Top" Division, as well as a prize winner, 1923-24. Also, encouraging reports have been received from Florida, Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi, Virginia, and Rhode Island. Remember, only about four more months until convention time!

Sincerely, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*,
Fairmont, W. Va.

WHAT BECAME OF RUBE?

The following comes from J. E. Deupree, of Ravenna, Tex.: "During the War between the States I was a soldier of Waul's Texas Legion, then east of the Mississippi River. As several of my comrades had negro servants, I wrote to my uncle and guardian, who then lived in this vicinity, to send my negro boy Rube to me by Lieutenant Wright, who was coming from Texas to our command; and my good uncle promptly complied with my unwise request and sent, or started, Rube to me on a good horse, with one hundred dollars in money. But in the meantime our command had been transferred to North Alabama, and when Rube reached the point where he had been directed to come, he very unwisely undertook to follow us to North Alabama. And that was the last I ever heard of Rube. We had been playmates in childhood and were devoted to each other, and I have lamented him through these long years. Whether he was captured and robbed by the Yankees, or robbed and killed by guerrillas, I never knew. But these lines are written in the faint hope of hearing what became of him, and anyone who can enlighten me on this point, will please write to me. I will be eighty-six years old on November 22 next. I became of age in 1863 while in the army in Kentucky."

COMRADES TRUE.—W. W. Smith, member of Lee Camp, of Richmond, Va., writes of having run across one of his old war comrades, Capt. Jack Edwards, whom he had not seen "since that beautiful Sunday morning, April 9, 1865." "We were both in Latham's Battery, A. N. V.," he says, "and I want to say that never a better soldier chased a Yank or waded the Potomac River. He was promoted to a lieutenantancy by General Lee for gallantry at the 'Bloody Angle' in the battle of Spotsylvania in saving his three guns, May 12, 1864. Like myself, he has grown old in years, but not in spirit. He was one man who seemed never to know the word fear. I have noticed him in the height of carnage and bloodshed, and he was as cool and unconcerned as if on dress parade. Captain Edwards is Commander of Vance Camp, U. C. V., of Asheville, N. C., and a better one could not have been selected. He is still an active salesman, on the road for a banking house of St. Paul, Minn."

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ELLIS, 30 Elm Place, Webster Groves, Missouri.

Mrs. George Weldon, of Senoia, Ga., has a set of the Official War Records which she offers to some U. D. C. Chapter at a nominal price; she also mentioned that Dr. A. J. Mann, of Albaton, Ga., has a set of this work to donate to some U. D. C. organization.

Col. W. L. Wilkerson, 1322 Vermont Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C., asks that any surviving Confederate soldiers who were put in Libby prison after the evacuation of Richmond will communicate with him. His object is to show that many of the 1,200 names of Confederate soldiers on file in the War Department at Washington, D. C., are improperly marked as "deserters," some of these being held in prison and therefore away from their commands at the close.

IMPORTANT.

OLD ENVELOPES OR LETTERS USED during 1861 to 1863, which do not have postage stamps affixed, but are marked PAID five or ten cents, are valuable. Look over your old correspondence again for old envelopes like above. They were overlooked by stamp hunters heretofore, being considered valueless. George H. Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. Charles F. Hard, of Greenville, 721 Arlington Avenue, would like to get in communication with any descendants of Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, Surgeon General, C. S. A. She has a book given to him in early life which she thinks would be appreciated by some member of the family.

NO APPEAL.—A speaker at a ministers' meeting in Boston told the story of a negro clergyman who so pestered his bishop with appeals for help that it became necessary to tell him that he must not send any more appeals. His next communication was as follows: "This is not an appeal, it is a report. I have no pants."—*Highway Bulletin*.

"Did Liza Jane git a good man when she ma'ied down in Memphis?" "Sho' did! Ma'ied right outen de jail house. He didn't have no time t' git in no trouble."—*Legion Weekly*.

WAR NOT OVER FOR ALL.

The World War is over, has been for seven years, and the following facts show conditions as they exist to-day in the four principal fighting countries:

United States: Wounded veterans still in hospitals, 24,230; compensations paid veterans since 1918, \$754,934,000; monthly pensions to veterans, \$12,500,000; bonuses paid to veterans this year, \$3,138,233.

Great Britain: Veterans still on pension list, 625,000; compensation to veterans since 1918, \$2,975,000,000; monthly pensions to veterans, \$25,000,000.

France: Veterans still in hospitals, 100,000; compensation paid veterans annually 1,012,000,000 francs; annual pensions to widows and orphans, 920,000,000 francs; total annual war liabilities, 3,768,800,000 francs.

Germany: Wounded veterans still on pension lists, 800,000; number of incurable maimed veterans, 14,000; widows and orphans receiving pensions, 1,000,000.—*National Tribune*.

HIGHLY HONORED.

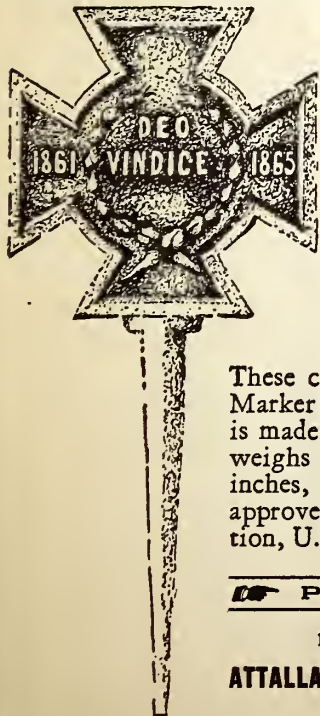
An Englishman was boasting to an American friend that he came from a long line of noblemen.

"My great-great-grandfather," said he, "was touched on the head by the king and made an earl."

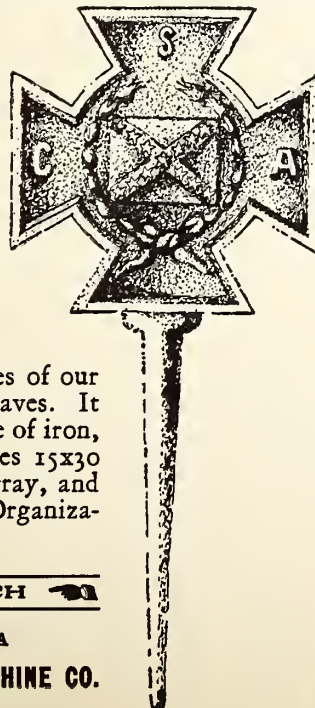
"That's nothing," replied his American friend. "My great-great-grandfather was touched on the head by an Indian and made an angel."—*Canadian American*.

Mrs. A. F. Scott, Route 3, Arlington, Tex., is trying to get a pension, and needs proof of her husband's service. Augustus Foust Scott served in Company H, 44th Tennessee Regiment, was captured and imprisoned at Rock Island. He lived near Fairfield, or Wartrace, Tenn., and enlisted in the latter part of 1861; moved to Texas in 1866.

Mrs. Guy K. Windom, of Farmersville, Tex., asks that anyone who knew her husband, John T. Windom, as a Confederate soldier will kindly communicate with her. He was born in Noonan County, Ga., and enlisted in the Confederate army in June, 1864, at Tallapoosa, Ga., serving with Company D, 1st Georgia Cavalry, under Capt. Bill Tumblin and Colonel Foster, Bragg's army.



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